
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

JUNE, 1801.

SKETCH
OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE
JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

THE CELEBRATED MISER.

Enriched with a capital Portrait in Colours, taken from Life.

—————The lank-sided miser—
Who meanly stole discreditable shift
From back and belly too, their proper cheer!
BLAIR'S GRAVE.

THE subject of the present memoir recommends itself to our notice by its extreme singularity. Such characters are illustrative of human nature—and uniformly gratifies our curiosity.

JOHN ELWES was born in the year 1712—his father was an eminent brewer in Southwark, which borough his grandfather, Sir George Meggot, represented in parliament. He was educated at Westminster school, and continued for ten or twelve years at that celebrated seminary. From thence he went to Geneva, where he distinguished himself at a *riding* academy. Here he formed an acquaintance with Voltaire, and to him, in point of person, he bore some degree of similarity.

Upon his return home, he was introduced to his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, who resided at Stoke, in the
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county of Suffolk—and has been denominated “the most perfect picture of human penury that ever existed.” To this uncle he was heir, and of course very studious of pleasing him. Of this uncle, it is left on record, that he lived chiefly on partridges—used to warm himself with a fire made of one single stick—that having been robbed, when called to prosecute, he used to say—“No, no; I have lost my money, and now you want me to lose my time also”—That he died worth *two hundred and fifty thousand pounds*—and, finally, that when he lay in state at his seat in Stoke, some of the tenants smartly observed—“’Twas well Sir Harvey could not see it!”

To this singular genius, who expired upwards of eighty years of age, Mr. ELWES succeeded in his fortieth year. It was, however, previous to this period that he had distinguished himself in the fashionable circles of London. He was addicted to gaming, but paid his debts of honour with the most scrupulous punctuality. He is also said to have been very good tempered and polite—and had a most gallant disregard of his own person. For one day being out shooting with other gentlemen, at the advanced age of *seventy-three*, the following circumstance occurred. A gentleman who was out with them, and who was a very indifferent shot, by firing at random lodged two bullets in the cheek of Mr. Elwes. The blood appeared, and the shot certainly gave him pain, but when the gentleman came to make his apology, and express his sorrow—“My dear sir,” said the old man, “I give you joy on your improvement—I knew you would hit *something* by and by!”

It is a most remarkable trait in Mr. Elwes, that whilst he was indulging in unbounded dissipation he accustomed himself to the meanest acts of parsimony. His biographer therefore observes—“that after sitting up a whole night at play for *thousands*, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sofas, wax lights, and waiters attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but

into Smithfield! to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaydon Hall, a farm of his in Essex. There would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold, or rain, bartering with a carcase butcher for a *shilling*! Sometimes when the cattle did not arrive at the hour expected, he walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once has gone on foot the whole way to his farm, without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up the whole night!"

The account of his mode of travelling on ordinary occasions is equally curious. He travelled on horseback—his first care was to put two or three eggs boiled *hard*, into his great coat pocket, or any scraps of bread which he found—baggage he never took—then mounting one of his hunters, his next attention was to get out of London into that road where the turnpikes were the fewest. Then stopping under any hedge where grass presented itself for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his horse together. At this time, the poor creature was worth no less a sum than *five hundred thousand pounds*!

He, however, kept a servant, who was a kind of huntsman. Of *his* engagements, an idea may be formed from the following particulars. It is impossible to cast an eye over them without a smile. Getting up in the morning at four, he milked the cows—then prepared breakfast for Mr. Elwes, or any friends he might have with him—then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field.—After the fatigues of hunting, he *refreshed* himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as he could—then running into the house to lay the cloth, and wait at dinner, then hurrying again into the stable to feed the horses—diversified with an *interlude* of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. What may appear extraordinary, the man lived for some years, though his master used often to call him, "*an*

idle dog!" and say—"he wanted to be paid for *doing nothing!"*

Mr. Elwes being at Newmarket with several gentlemen of his acquaintance, they longed for dinner, after having been riding about for several hours. Growing impatient, something was mentioned of the *keen air of Newmarket Heath*, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," said old Elwes, "very true—so here do as I do!" offering them at the same time, from the great coat pocket, a piece of an old crushed pancake, which he said he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, but "that it was as good as new."

Of his natural affection we may judge from this singular incident:—one day he had put his eldest boy upon a ladder to get some grapes for the table, when, by the ladder slipping, he fell down and hurt his side against the end of it. The boy had the precaution to go up into the village to the barber, and get blooded—on his return he was asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm? He told his father that he had got bled.—"Bled, bled!" said the old gentleman, "but what did you give?"—"A shilling," answered the boy. "Psha!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead! never part with *your blood!"*

To detail all the anecdotes respecting this famous miser, would be impossible. But we must not withhold the following particulars, almost exceeding credibility. His biographer, Captain Topham, (to whose well-written narrative we are principally indebted) assures us, that "all earthly comforts he voluntarily denied himself." He would walk home in the rain in London, sooner than pay a shilling for a coach—he would sit in wet clothes, sooner than have a fire to dry them—he would eat his provisions in the last stage of putrefaction, sooner than have a fresh joint from the butcher's—and he wore a wig, for above a fortnight, which I saw him pick out of a rut in a lane, where we were riding. This was the last extremity of laudable economy, for, to all appearance, it was the cast off

wig of some beggar! The day in which I first beheld him in this ornament, exceeded all powers of farce, for he had torn a brown coat, which he generally wore, and had been obliged to have recourse to the old chest of Sir Jervaise, from whence he had selected a full dressed green velvet coat, with slash sleeves, and there he sat at dinner, in boots, the aforesaid green velvet, his own white hair appearing round his face, and this black stray wig at the top of all!

In the year 1774 Mr. Elwes became member of parliament for Berkshire—the freeholders got him in for nothing—he did, indeed, *once* dine at an ordinary in Abingdon on this account, and therefore he may be said to have got into parliament for *eighteen-pence*! In three successive parliaments, and for the course of twelve years, did he hold this public station. “It is to his honour, (says Captain T.) an honour in these times, indeed, most rare! that in every part of his conduct, and in every vote he gave, he proved himself to be what he truly was—an *independent* country gentleman.”

We are informed that he staid out every debate—and, in going home, would gladly accept a corner of a hackney coach, hired by his fellow-members, provided he could get it for *nothing*! One night, however, he was trudging homewards on foot, and struck against the pole of a sedan chair. He cut both his legs deeply. He submitted to the apothecary on the terms that he should have *one leg* and he himself *the other*! In the grand art of healing, he used to boast that he beat the apothecary by a *fortnight*!

It is but justice to transcribe the encomium passed on his parliamentary character.—“Mr. Elwes came into parliament *free of expence*, and he performed his duty as a member would have done in the pure days of our constitution. What he had not bought, he never attempted to sell—and he went forward in that straight and direct path which can alone satisfy a reflecting mind. In one word, as a public man, he voted and acted in the house of commons as a man would do, who felt there were people *to live after him*—who wished to

deliver *unmortgaged* to his children the *public estate of government*—and who felt, that if he suffered himself to become a *pensioner* on it, he thus far embarrassed his posterity, and injured the *inheritance*."

About the time he quitted parliament, he lost his *servant*—whose services we have already noticed. He verified the saying of his master—"If you keep *one* servant your work is done—if you keep *two* it is half done—but if you keep *three* you may do it yourself."

When Mr. E. returned to private life, having little or nothing to occupy his attention, he addicted himself to the most unaccountable penury. He seems, from this period, to have sunk into the lowest state of degradation and misery. Alas! that the stories told of him should have been *true*!

He retired to his seat at Stoke—and truly ridiculous was his conduct in this retirement. "If a window was broken, there was to be no repairs but that of a little brown paper, or that of piecing in a bit of broken glass, which had at length been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say what figure they described! To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old green-house, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn on the grounds of *his own tenants*, and they used to leave a little more than common to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish. In the advance of the season, his morning employment was to pick up any stray chips, bones, or other things, to carry to the fire, in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a *crow's nest* for this purpose. On the gentleman wondering why he gave himself this trouble—"Oh, sir," replied old Elwes, "it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Do but see what waste they make! They don't care how extravagant they are!"

His system of penury had now assumed an uniform consistency. He rode his horse on the soft turf to save *horse-shoes*—never suffered his own shoes to be cleaned that they might not so soon wear out—eat meat in the last state of putrefaction, *walking about his plate*, rather than have new things killed before the old provision was finished—and, finally, never saw a play, so completely had his love of money swallowed up his curiosity. He even one day dined upon the remaining part of a moor-hen which had been brought out of the river by a *rat*! and, at another time, eat an undigested part of a pike, which the larger one had swallowed, but had not finished, and which were taken in this state in a net! Of this latter circumstance he observed—"Aye, this was killing two birds with one stone," with uncommon satisfaction.

He now removed to his farm-house at Thaydon-Hall, where reigned a more perfect scene of desolation. Here he was seized with an illness, and soon after made his will; he, however, experienced a short recovery. In this last stage of his life he became an object of real compassion. His memory failed—and indeed his other faculties were debilitated. Having drawn on his banker for *twenty pounds*, he got it into his head, during the night, that he had overdrawn his account—left his bed—wandered about the room impatiently till morning came, when calling on his banker, he found his fears groundless—for he had then, in their hands, at that time, the small sum of *fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds*!

When in London in 1788, he employed himself in looking after the repairing of some of his houses in Marybone. He was generally there at four o'clock in the morning, ready to scold the workmen when they came—and the neighbours, observing his regularity, used to say, "there never was so punctual a man as the *old carpenter*!" Feeling the infirmities of age, he had recourse to his old remedy of walking as far and as fast as he could—but alas! this could not effect his recovery. In these medical perambulations he would lose himself—a stranger, or errand-boy, would bring

him back, to whom, at the door, he would *bow* and *thank* them with great civility. At last his imagination was haunted by the spectre of *absolute poverty*. Upon his being applied to by the father of a young lady what he would *give* his son, to whom she was about to be married—Elwes seriously replied, “Surely I did not say anything about *giving*, but if you wish so much, I will *give* my consent!” In this state of mental and corporeal debility, he *gave away* his affections to a *maid in the kitchen*, where he used to spend his hours from motives of economy. It might have terminated in the holy state of matrimony. His symptoms of a more decisive decay was his restlessness at night. At midnight he was often heard crying out in agony—“I will keep my money—I will—nobody shall rob me of my property!” He was extremely wretched for some time in missing the sum of *five guineas* and an *half*, and *half-a-crown*, which he carried down with him into Berkshire with rapture, but afterwards found in a corner behind the window-shutter, where he himself had put it, though it had slipped his memory. Six weeks before his death he rested in his clothes, and was one morning found fast asleep betwixt the sheets with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old hat on his head! On the 18th of November, 1789, he discovered symptoms of approaching dissolution, and expired on the 26th without a sigh—his last coherent words were addressed to his son, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping “he had left him what he wished!” He had two natural sons, to whom he bequeathed his whole property. As we have selected the most interesting anecdotes concerning this truly singular man, justice requires that we refer the reader for a still greater degree of information, to the pleasing narrative, which we have already mentioned. At the same time we add a few of the reflections, with which the pamphlet closes

“Mr. Elwes, as one of the commons in England in three successive parliaments, maintained a conduct which purer times might have been glad to boast, and which later times may be proud to follow. The mi-

nister that influenced him was—*his conscience*. He obeyed no mandate but his opinion. He gave that opinion as he held it to be right. In one word, his public conduct lives after him, pure and without a stain! In private life he was chiefly an enemy to himself. To others he lent much—to himself he denied every thing. But in the pursuit of his property, or the recovery of it, I have not in remembrance one unkind thing that was ever done by him! But that great object which rises highest to the view out of the prospect of his varied life—let me again enforce upon this page—that object is the *insufficiency of wealth alone* to confer happiness. For who, after the perusal of the life of Mr. Elwes, shall say I am *rich*—and therefore I shall be happy? Every circumstance of the memoirs here written, proves the fallacy of this hope. But still has such a life had its purpose. For if it should add one circumstance consolatory to poverty—while it enforces the extreme and perfect *vanity of wealth*—then has such a life as that of Mr. Elwes not been in vain."

The writer of the present article has taken great pains to bring together these prominent features of a celebrated miser, because he is persuaded that a sketch of such a character is replete with lessons of moral instruction. Presiding over a seminary of pupils, he thinks it his duty indeed to inculcate the virtue of *economy*. In *these* times economy ought to be held in no small degree of estimation. On *every* occasion it enables the individual to enlarge the sphere of his own enjoyments, and to widen the bounds of his charity. But against the monster *AVARICE*, under every form, he enters a solemn protestation. It not only flings a deep shade over the character—but utterly deprives it of respectability. The meannesses which it prompts—the subterfuges which it practises—the virtues which it strangles, even in their birth—render it one of the greatest abominations on earth. Were all the inhabitants of the world become misers—to *hate*, and to be *hated*—would be the pitiable condition of humanity. Whereas now, bad as the world is, a gleam of

brightness frequently breaks in upon us, amidst the surrounding darkness, inspiring cheerfulness and festivity. May *large and generous souls* be multiplied! May **BENEVOLENCE** exert her influence more and more, till the evils under which man groans be annihilated, and his present mourning be turned into pure and permanent joy!

Islington.

DR. OLIVER'S ACCOUNT OF
BEAU NASH.

Related in Warner's History of Bath.

Bath, Feb. 13, 1761.

THIS morning died Richard Nash, Esq. aged eighty-eight. He was by birth a gentleman, an ancient Briton; a student of Jesus College in Oxford; by profession — — — His natural genius was too volatile for any. He tried the army and the law, but soon found his mind superior to both. He was *born to govern*; nor was his dominion, like that of other legislators, over the servility of the vulgar, but over the pride of the noble and the opulent. His public character was great, as it was self-built and self-maintained; his private, amiable—as it was grateful, beneficent, and generous. By the force of his genius he erected the City of Bath into a province of pleasure; and became, by universal consent, its legislator and ruler. He planned, improved, and regulated all the amusements of the place; his fundamental law was that of good-breeding; *bold sacred decency and decorum*, his constant maxim. Nobody, however, exalted by beauty, blood, titles, or riches, could be guilty of a breach of it unpunished—the penalty, *his disapprobation*, and *public shame*. To maintain the sovereignty he had established, he published rules of behaviour, which, from their propriety, acquired the force of laws; and which

the highest never infringed, without immediately undergoing the public censure. He *kept the men in order*; most wisely, by prohibiting the wearing swords in his dominions; by which means he prevented sudden passion from causing the bitterness of unavailing repentance. In all quarrels he was chosen the umpire—and so just were his decisions, that peace generally triumphed, crowned with the mutual thanks of both parties. He *kept the ladies in good-humour* most effectually, by a nice observance of the rules of place and precedence; by ordaining scandal to be the infallible mark of a foolish head, and a malicious heart; always rendering more suspicious the reputation of her who propagated it, than that of the person abused. Of the young, the gay, the heedless fair, just launching into the dangerous sea of pleasure, he was ever, unsolicited, (sometimes unregarded) the kind protector: humanely correcting even their mistakes in dress, as well as improprieties in conduct; nay, often warning them, though at the hazard of his life, against the artful snares of designing men, or an improper acquaintance with women of doubtful characters. Thus did he establish his government on pillars of honour and politeness, which could never be shaken; and maintained it for full half a century, with reputation, honour, and undisputed authority, beloved, respected, and revered. Of his private character, be it the first praise, that while, by his conduct, the highest ranks became his subjects, he himself became the servant of the poor and the distressed; whose cause he ever pleaded amongst the rich, and enforced with all the eloquence of a good example: they were ashamed not to relieve those wants, to which they saw him administer with so noble a heart, and so liberal a hand. Nor was his munificence confined to particulars, he being to all the public charities of this

city a liberal benefactor; not only by his own most generous subscriptions, but by always assuming, in their behalf, the character of a sturdy beggar; which he performed with such an authoritative address to all ranks, without distinction, that few of the worst hearts had courage to refuse, what their own inclinations would not have prompted them to bestow. Of a noble public spirit and a warm grateful heart, the obelisk in the Grove, and the beautiful needle in the Square, are magnificent testimonies. The one erected to preserve the memory of a most interesting event to his country—the restitution of health, by the healing waters of this place, to the illustrious Prince of Orange, who came hither in a most languishing condition; the other, a noble offering of thanks to the late Prince of Wales, and his royal consort, *for favours bestowed, and honours by them conferred, on this city.* His long and peaceful reign, of absolute power, was so tempered by his excessive good-nature, that no instance can be given either of his own cruelty, or of his suffering that of others to escape its proper reward. Example unprecedented amongst absolute monarchs—READER, this *monarch* was a *man*, and had his foibles and his faults; which we would wish covered with the veil of good-nature, made of the same piece with his own: but truth forceth us unwillingly to confess, his passions were strong; which, as they fired him to act strenuously in good, hurried him to some excesses of evil. His fire, not used to be kept under by an early restraint, burst out too often into flaming acts, without waiting for the cool approbation of his judgment. His generosity was so great, that prudence often whispered him, in vain, that she feared it would enter the neighbouring confines of profusion; his charity so unbounded, that the severe might suspect it sometimes to be the offspring of folly or ostenta-

tion. With all these, be they foibles, follies, faults, or frailties, it will be difficult to point out, amongst his contemporary kings of the whole earth, more than ONE who hath fewer, or less pernicious to mankind. His existence (for life it scarcely might be called) was spun out to so great an age, that the man was sunk, like many former heroes, in the weakness and infirmities of exhausted nature; the unwilling tax all animals must pay for multiplicity of days. Over his closing scene charity long spread her all-covering mantle, and dropped the curtain, before the poor actor, though he had played his part, was permitted to quit the stage. Now may she protect his memory! Every friend of Bath, every lover of decency, decorum, and good-breeding, must sincerely deplore the loss of so excellent a governor; and join in the most fervent wishes (would I could say, hopes) that there may soon be found a man able and worthy to succeed him.

Dr. Harington was the author of the following elegant epitaph, which is inscribed on his monumental tablet in the Abbey church:

Adeste, ô cives, adeste lugentes! Hic silent leges
 RICHARDI NASH, Armig. Nihil amplius imperantis
 qui diu et utilissime assumptus Bathoniæ Elegantiæ
 Arbiter. Eheu morti (ultimo designatori) haud indecori
 succubuit Anno. Dom, 1761. Æt. suæ 87. Beatus ille, qui sibi imperiosus!

If social virtues make remembrance dear,
 Or manners pure on decent rule depend:
 To his remains consign one grateful tear,
 Of youth the guardian, and of all the friend.
 Now sleeps dominion; here no bounty flows;
 Nor more avails the festive scene to grace;
 Beneath that hand which no discernment shews,
 Untaught to honour, or distinguish place.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. LII.]

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

—————Now at noon,
 Upon the south side of the slant hills,
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
 And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
 Without a cloud, and white without a speck,
 The dazzling splendour of the scene below.

COWPER.

THIS last book of the *Task* is not inferior to the others, which we have examined in succession—and whence we have derived so much pleasure and satisfaction. It describes the various parts of nature with a peculiar simplicity. It details sentiments remarkable for their fervour and sublimity. Retirement is here strongly recommended. Topics are suggested for our meditation, well adapted to advance our improvement. The author is well known to have loved solitude to an excess, but his secret hours were so happily employed, that we are by no means inclined to regret it. We only wish that he had partaken of a more complete felicity.

The *ringing of bells* heard at a distance is thus portrayed—

How soft the music of those village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
 Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on!
 With easy force it opens all the cells

Where mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.

Speaking of *retirement* also—these sensible lines occur—

————Meditation here

May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give an useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd and squar'd, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more !

The *millenium* is touched upon in the following
masterly manner—

The groans of nature in this nether world,
Which Heav'n has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
The time of rest, the promis'd sabbath comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world, and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things,
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.
For he, whose ear the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath mov'd him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy, shall descend
Propitious in his chariot, pav'd with love;
And what his storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt—shall with a smile repair !

The *happy man* is well drawn—and must gratify every serious mind—

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who doom'd to an obscure, but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and were he free to chuse,
Would make his fate his choice—whom peace, the
fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness, bespeak him one
Content indeed, to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home!
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view,
And occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not her's, for he has prov'd them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies, and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in *contemplation* is his bliss,
Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heav'n unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd!

The poet closes this charming poem with a truly christian dignity—

My share of duties decently fulfill'd,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destin'd office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod!

Then, speaking of his work, he exclaims in the truespirit of devotion—

'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime,
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his *ear*, whose eye is on the heart,
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation prosper—even MINE!

Thus sang one of the sweetest of the British poets—we have endeavoured in these papers to do him justice. PEACE BE TO HIS MEMORY!

For the Monthly Visitor.

CORVINUS;

OR,

THE STRANGER.

[By a Correspondent.]

Blest were the days when wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain.

COLLINS.

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay,
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

I WAS wont to rove from *morn* to *eve* on Liddall's flowery banks—pleasurable woodlands—delicious scenes—endearing prospects wild, ye are congenial to my soul. I will ever remember your venerated shades, your bold projecting rocks, overhung with variegated shrubbery.—Here the purling winding, gay, then gloomy, river, in which the trout and sportive fry love to glide in wanton frolic—there the hanging woods chequered romantically—yonder the towering mountains, that seem to court the great ætherial blue expanse majestically.—Picture these, and other striking objects innumerable; such are the jetting rocks, the snug cottages, and fruitful vales—picture these, ye romantic, ye soaring minds, and taste of pleasure ineffable.—Such are the sylvian scenes on which I have so often rambled, and such the endearing ties

of *memory*, that I sigh to hold sweet converse with the Nyads that sport on thy banks, O! Liddall. I languish for, and pant to again enjoy rural happiness. For, O! how often have I, at the peep of morn, nimbly darted athwart the lawn—how often, when the meridian sun-beams press powerfully, reclined me in the moss grown cell, besprinkled ever and anon with the dripping crystal—how often with the tapering rod elastic, cast the artful fly, well pleased the lusty trout to navigate—O! how often have I, when the glorious orb of day sinks in the west, home returned with meditative step under the sombre shades of evening—happy, twice happy, in recounting over the adventures of the day.—These are incidents lovely to the sympathetic heart, and endearingly entwined by retrospect.

It was my pride, my duty, to enter the cottager's humble roof. From one of these meek sons of nature, I one day learnt that a bountiful stranger had visited his cot, had enquired as to his family, employment, &c.—the replies were satisfactory, for he accompanied his liberalit^y with this advice—“Never cease to pursue, or rather, to do those actions which afford you heartfelt applause, when, after the cares and labours of the day you recline your head on the pillow. Teach your children obedience—shew them the bad effects of vice, and the advantages of virtue—above all things, teach them to be faithful to each other, and grateful to that all-perfect Being “who knows the secrets of the heart.”

Surely, if riches are worth grasping at, it must be to dispense with them in beneficent actions. Such to me appeared those of the stranger. Every day added praise to the unknown gentleman, whose sole care was to encrease the happiness of others. I felt a powerful propensity to be intimately ac-

quainted with a character, whose behaviour claimed not only my admiration, but of every one who heard of it. A more than curiosity prompted me to the discovery of his residence. I was sure the stranger had taken up his abode not far distant, and I was all anxiety to discover the favourite spot.

How frequently do events revolve in contra expectation, and how often does it happen, that queries of the greatest import are discovered and solved by chance. It was in the latter part of June, whilst indolently reclined under the spreading oak, reading my favourite Thomson, that I was accosted by a gentleman, whose appearance at once indicated a something inexpressibly striking. His eye darted a mild, yet ardent penetration—his features regular, and his person well proportioned—his dress a flowing robe, somewhat like that of the clerical profession, and withal so plain and becoming, that I could not but admire the neatness and elegance of my unexpected visitor. Still more was I struck with his polite and engaging conversation. His remarks at this time were chiefly confined to the adjoining scenery, in course to the works of the immortal, the amiable bard. I listened to his conversation with avidity. He at length intimated, that an engagement called him hence. He bade me farewell. My eye followed him through the thicket; I wished to mark his destination, but timidity forbade me to intrude. I next morning rose by the dawn, nature seemed animated by repose. There was in all around a mild, a grand, a picturesque display. The silver dew courted each flowret, and the grey, then blushing east, proclaimed the mighty orb of day. With the rising lark my thoughts ascended to the most high, warmed with gratitude, they expanded, and I felt joy unutterable. In this happy reverie, who should I meet but the very stranger with whom I so ardently

courted an acquaintance. Pleasing was his hail of welcome. Corvinus (for this is the name I assign him), assumed the familiarity of a friend. We wandered amongst the glens, now listening to the warbling songsters, the purling brook, then in raptures extolling the works of nature; or rather, the works of nature's God. Corvinus expatiated with uncommon warmth on the advantages of solitude, the pleasures of a country life, and the joys so inseparable from innocence. Solitude is not without its advantages; it is in solitude we form those dignified resolves which add a strength, a stability to the human character. It is in solitude we calmly meditate on the actions and the impulses of our own natures—hence we discover the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice. It is in solitude we learn justly to appreciate the vanity of worldly gratifications, and hence we bend our minds to the adoration of, and fix a firm reliance on, the *Great Supreme*. But be it remembered, that man was not formed for solitude alone—no! we were made for society; and it is our duty to benefit and ornament society by active virtue. As to the advantages of a country life, they are indeed so very evident, that few dare deny them. For my own part, I have felt the joys so connected with a rural life, that I am disposed to think the golden age, as painted by the poets, existed in reality. The *Stranger* expressed his coincidence to these propositions; but methought I saw a tear besprinkle his manly cheek—he was soon composed. O! I wished to sympathise with him in his sorrow. I am certain that the worthy Corvinus anticipated my feelings. “My young friend,” said the *Stranger*, “you speak of virtue as a thing in itself endearing to the world—you consider it as tantamount to every other possession.—You speak of men's duties without knowing the motives, the ruling prin-

ciples of man—at least those principles which shew themselves in the world. You have seen human nature in her best attire, and you are candid enough to believe that she always is dressed so.—Ah! that experience may never teach you, that virtue is not its own reward—ah! that you may never see humble merit trampled with the dust—nor consummate villainy on the eminence triumphant. Just God! thou, and thou only, knowest the secrets of the heart—its a consolation—by *Thee* goodness will not go unrewarded.” Corvinus spoke this with such an emphasis, so pregnant with sincerity, that I felt from that moment interested in his fate. The *Stranger* honoured me with an invitation to visit his grot.

—————Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
But come ye generous minds.
Like silent Heaven, surprising oft
The lowly heart with unexpected good!

THOMSON.

I entered the humble roof, and was by Corvinus received with much warmth. With a sort of pleasing astonishment I surveyed the few ornaments that decorated the building. Books were the principal, and on them our conversation chiefly turned. Corvinus evinced a thorough intimacy with the classics, and no less convinced me that our English authors of eminence had not escaped his minute perusal. To history he attributed much praise. He said it is the grand magazine, the gallery of the world, from which we may incessantly extract true and valuable information. Biography and moral pieces merited his mead of approbation; and poetry he contemplated as an enchanting goddess, presiding over the very finest feelings in our nature. As to novels and romances, “they were,” he asserted, “a source of poison, and a dangerous ve-

hicle, by which vicious principles were bountifully promulgated. Good productions of this kind there might be, but few there are; and those very few get musty in our libraries, while the more flimsy effusions of a corrupt mind are read with avidity."

We partook of some simple food, prepared by an aged attendant, and gratefully enjoyed the diet of innocence and health. Few are our wants if we could only be led to believe so.—The features of mine host sparkled with delight and affability. "My young friend," said the *Stranger*, "you must consider the tenor of our acquaintance no less romantic than singular; but when I unfold to you a portion of my own history, I am confident you will not accuse me for thus secluding myself from the bustling haunts of men."—I was impatient to hear him proceed. Corvinus, pressing my hand, observed, "that since the curtains of night closed apace, my passage home would, by a longer continuance, be rendered dangerous, and therefore begged to recite the occurrences of his life at some future period—and let that period be soon," said the *Stranger*. I acknowledged myself honoured by his confidence, and intimated a wish to meet him on the morrow, to which Corvinus readily assented.

I need not, my gentle friend, tell you how ardently I conformed to the appointment. The *Stranger* greeted me with a look full of cheerfulness. We reciprocally descanted on the beauties of the rosy morn. The great orb of day had just rose in splendour—the eastern mountains were enchantingly illumed by his glorious presence, and the dew besprinkled lawns, with the hanging woods, hailed his approach with a sort of joyous sympathy. Were but the indolent susceptible of those finer emotions which warm the soul to love and ectasy, surely they could not sacrifice, by far the most pleasurable part of the day, on the nervous bed of

sloth. I watched the eye of Corvinus—it was big with expression—he caught my hand, pressed it, and with a more than usual penetration, seemed to note my disposition.—“Well, my good sir,” said the Stranger, “you must know, my father resided in the south of England, on the hereditary estate of the family. He inherited no small mixture of that blood which flowed in the veins of our ancient English barons. He gloried in his independence; was eminently distinguished in the English commons for integrity and manly perseverance. In the cause of justice, liberty, and truth, he ever shone a generous and warm advocate. My dear affectionate mother was a lady distinguished for conjugal fidelity, filial affection, and good sense, than as a votary of *fashion*. She delighted in the diffusion of private good, and felt more pleasure in attending to the education of her two daughters than can possibly arise from an intercourse with the voluptuous gay, who, to use the language of the poet—

“Spend their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth.”

She, dear departed lady, courted the joys of domestic life, and her's is a sure bountiful reward. Under the immediate eye of my parents I received the first rudiments of my education. My preceptor was the venerable pastor of the parish, than whom there could not be a better man. May I be permitted to drop a tear to his irreproachable memory. Good Acasto, I remember thee well—well I remember thy many innocent anecdotes—thy many serious admonitions—and more the tenor of thy own life, which was truly a model of goodness, and a striking proof of the lovely effects of religion, when practised with genuine sincerity. With such parents, and assisted by such an able monitor, I might have remained happy, might

have been unacquainted with man's ingratitude, had not an old uncle been accessory to my attending the university. Having arrived at this seat of erudition, I was fervent in my studies, but, alas! the ardour of improvement was in a great measure deprived of that emulous acidity which buoys up the young mind, and that chiefly from the unceasing insinuation of students. They were apprised of my expectations in life, and many were the stratagems had recourse to, in order to gain my compliance, or rather, support to vicious accomplishments. It afforded, and must afford, serious disappointment to every well-wisher of his country, that our seats of learning, wisdom, and elocution, should be so shamefully converted into a very school of idleness. It is really affecting to witness wise regulations and moral admonitions totally subverted by a conduct in the students, derogatory to those very laws and admonitions. Degrees are too easily acquired—merit only ought to receive them. Modesty and temperance were rarely considered virtues, at least not esteemed so by my university compeers. To exemplify this, allow me to relate the following anecdote.

“A young gentleman, whom we shall call Fabius, possessed a good heart, a comprehensive mind, an acute judgment, an imagination vivid; in fine, he was, in my opinion, a very constellation of genius; but in that of our young bloods a mere plodding book-worm. His name was never mentioned but with disrespect. I was present one evening when this ingenious young gentleman was loaded with opprobrium. I determined to convince his accusers that their assertions were no less illiberal than false. I did so—was myself most unhandsomely treated. It was in vain to reason with those young bubbles of no reason. My name must either be branded with coward, or otherwise my

antagonist challenged.—Did we at all times, more particularly in the moment of passion and danger, collect the real intrepidity of our souls, we should then face danger with confidence, and quiet our turbulent nature by the dictates of wisdom. I told the intemperate youth, that should I premeditatedly become the instrument of his death, I certainly committed murder—and even (said I), should you chance to dart the sword, or point the bullet, so as to deprive me of life, you not only commit murder, but I must hereafter account for that life, which it was my duty to have preserved.—Conformable as was my conduct in this affair to equity and humanity, it nevertheless drew upon me nought but derision. The vacation at length arrived, and I returned to my father's, with a firm resolution of not revisiting a seminary where false honour had so eminently the ascendancy.

“My father was acquainted with human nature, and knew how to appreciate things. I frankly assigned to him my motives for not wishing to pursue my studies at the university. He even commended me for acting as I did—“Only, my boy,” said he, “methinks you ought to have chastised your traducer—but I well know that your forbearance arose from other motives than those of fear.”

—As to my uncle, he frowned, he accused me of pusillanimity. I allowed the old gentleman to vent his feelings; indeed it is in vain we expostulate with men of his disposition. More than twelve months elapsed, which were chiefly devoted in literary pursuits. I had now acquired a tolerable knowledge of books, and, as a sort of relaxation from study, used either to range out with my gun, or angle patiently for the spotted trout or silver fry. Not far from my father's resided Esq. E——, I had frequently seen his only daughter Amelia—she was beautiful; and methought her disposition

accorded with the symmetry of her person. I listened to her conversation, to me it appeared the language of a good heart. For the first time, a kind of anxious palpitation assured me that love was a resident somewhere in my breast; every day entangled me more and more in its pleasing snares. I sensibly felt its effects, they pervaded the inmost recesses of my soul—O! but I almost adored Amelia, to me she appeared angelic. I gained my parents consent to pay my addresses. The esquire prided himself in the expected alliance. Amelia plighted an inviolable attachment—so far all proceeded smoothly, and I was happy. But the happiness of lovers is frequently of short duration.

“Whilst ruminating one evening on the beauty and accomplishments of my love—whilst picturing Amelia as incapable of change—at the very moment I considered her all that was perfect and amiable, what should be given me but the following letter, which in an instant electrified my whole frame, and possessed my soul with a tormenting query.

“HON. SIR.—With the most poignant sorrow I inform you that Amelia E—— has dishonoured her father, ruined her own reputation, and rewarded your affection by an elopement with Colonel R. son of Lord D——. As you value your honour and happiness, never more think on the vain, inconstant woman.”

“Good God!” exclaimed I, “it cannot—it must not—nay, it cannot be.”—In the paroxysm of my astonishment, I vented nought but imprecations against the writer of this dreadful note.—I darted home, ordered my horse, and even flew to the seat of my charmer. I dreamt only of meeting her smiles. Alas! sorrow pervaded the mansion of my intended father-in-law. I scarce dared to enquire for Amelia—her mother was bathed in tears.

—“ Oh, Charles,” said she, “ my daughter, my lovely Amelia is gone—she is lost—her father has, for these two days past, been in search of her.” My blood chilled—I scarce could summon fortitude to bear up against the sudden shock.—Amelia! gone! and none knows where!—become the pale victim of a man, whom I well knew would “ cast her on the world’s wide stage”—robbed of her honour—robbed of every thing dear and valuable to the fair—revenge fired my breast—I wished to extirpate from the earth a vile seducer. A few days elapsed—my breast continued to beat in phrenzy—I still loved Amelia, although she had dared to violate every tie of honour, love, and virtue. When insult is blended with ingratitude, who can forgive?—I could not—yet still I pitied.

“ SIR.—I never think on your passionate professions without smiling at your vanity.

“ AMELIA E——.”

“ This letter abated the ardour of my love, by arousing in my mind a due regard to my own importance. But ah!—

“ Let none with heedless tongue from truth disjoin
The ruin of virtue.”——

“ Colonel R. after rendering Amelia the plaything of his passions, discarded her for ever.—She became impressed with shame and contrition; the remembrance of a happy past, and the frowns of a gloomy future, burst in upon her mind. She summoned pride, fortitude, and a kind of conscious virtue—all—all could not banish impending misery.—She wrote her father—painted her distresses—and humbly implored his forgiveness. The tender feelings of the parent prevailed—the good old gentleman flew to her relief—he embraced her as his child, but could not consent to her immediate return to that home from which she had so impru-

dently eloped. Indeed he did better—he provided the unfortunate fair one with every necessary, and accompanied her to the roof of a happy family, who were unacquainted with her folly.—But, alas! poor Amelia soon fell the victim of grief—she reflected on her past conduct—she felt inward anguish—she died. Peace to her gentle ashes!”

(To be concluded in our next.)

MURPHY'S LIFE OF GARRICK.

(Concluded from page 287.)

THE thought of parting was a heavy weight on Garrick's spirits. His mind was clouded and depressed by a number of reflections that occurred to a man of his sensibility; and yet he not only contrived to write a lively prologue, but, with an air of gaiety, delivered it in his usual manner. Having diverted the audience, and dispelled the gloom that hung over his mind, he went through the part of *Don Felix* with great humour and well-dissembled vivacity. The end of the play was the awful moment. He was then to take his final leave of the public, whose protection he had enjoyed for a number of years. With a countenance that plainly bespoke what was working at his heart, he stepped forward, and, after some pause, addressed the audience in the following words:—

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,

“ It has been customary with persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but I found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be now of speaking it.

“ The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings.

" This is to me a very awful moment : it is no less than parting for ever with those, from whom I have received the greatest kindness, and upon the spot, where that kindness and your favours were enjoyed.

(Here his voice failed him; he paused, till a gush of tears relieved him.)

" Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here—here, in my heart, fixed, and unalterable.

" I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have had ; but I defy them all to take more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your grateful humble servant."

Having uttered these sentiments, he bowed respectfully to all parts of the house, and in a slow pace, and much hesitation, withdrew for ever from their presence.

The audience felt their loss ; they saw, for the last time, the man, whose character had been given, in the truest colours, by Dr. Browne, in his well known Estimate of the Manners. " Let us," says that author, " search the theatre for the remains of a manly taste ; and here, apparently at least, it must be acknowledged, we shall find it. A great genius hath arisen to dignify the stage, who, when it was sinking into the lowest insipidity, restored it to the fullness of its ancient splendour, and, with a variety of powers beyond example, established nature, Shakespeare, and himself."

A panegyric, of a similar tendency, was published afterwards by Dr. Smollet, in his History of Great Britain. That writer was sensible, that in two of his novels he had misrepresented Mr. Gar-

rick in a strain of malevolence, but he had the candour to declare, that he thought it incumbent on him to make atonement in a work of truth, for the injuries he had done him in a work of fiction. Accordingly, in his review of the liberal arts in the reign of George II. he gave the following passage: "The exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this, and, perhaps, every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of his attitudes, and the whole pathos of expression."

Those two characters were most evidently founded in truth. The public saw their great Roscius in the same light, and, therefore, parted with him with the deepest regret. Every face in the theatre was clouded with grief; tears gushed in various parts of the house, and all concurred in one general demonstration of sorrow. The word, farewell, resounded from every quarter, amidst the loudest bursts of applause. The people saw the theatrical sun, which had shone with transcendent lustre, go down beneath the horizon, to rise no more.

On the day after Garrick had made his exit, he ordered the whole receipt of the preceding night to be paid to the fund for distressed actors. He had made a present of two houses in Drury-lane to the managers of that charitable institution, that they might have a convenient place for the meeting of their committees. Those gentlemen, finding that a room in the theatre answered their purposes, expressed their desire to sell the premises, in order to encrease their stock. Garrick became the purchaser of what he had voluntarily granted, at the

price of 370*l.* and afterwards by his will, gave back those very houses to the fund.

Articles of agreement for the sale of his half share of the patent had been, some months before, executed between him and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. Thomas Lindley, and Richard Ford, M. D. The deeds for the final conclusion of the business were signed without delay by the contracting parties, and Garrick withdrew to his villa at Hampton, to pass the evening of his days in peace and rural tranquillity.

It was not long that he enjoyed this agreeable retreat. He was invited to pass the following Christmas at Althrop Park, the seat of Earl Spencer, in Northamptonshire. With all his infirmities he had the courage to go on that party of pleasure; but his enjoyment was soon interrupted by a violent attack of his inveterate disorder. He arrived at his house in the Adelphi, on the 15th day of January, 1779. The Doctors Heberden and Warren were called in to his assistance, and such was the regard the faculty had for him, that numbers visited him of their own accord, in order, if possible, to prolong so valuable a life. All was in vain: he laboured under a complication of infirmities, which it would be painful to enumerate. During his last four or five days he suffered excruciating pains with great fortitude, and on the 20th of January, 1779, at eight in the morning he expired without a groan.

On Monday, the 1st of February, his remains were conveyed from the Adelphi to Westminster Abbey, and deposited in Poet's Corner, near the monument of Shakespeare. The last ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Rochester: a more magnificent funeral was never seen in London. The pall-bearers were

Lord Camden,	Duke of Devonshire,
Earl of Ossory,	Earl Spencer,
The Rt. Hon. Mr. Rigby,	Viscount Palmerston,
The Hon M. Stanley,	Sir W. Wynne,
John Patterson, Esq.	Albany Wallis, Esq.

A number of gentlemen of rank and fashion, and almost all the admirers of polite literature, attended to pay their last tribute of regard to the memory of the deceased. The train of carriages reached from Charing-Cross to the abbey. The people in a prodigious concourse lined the way, and by their mournful silence gave the most evident demonstration of their sorrow.

THE

WILL OF DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

I DAVID GARRICK, of the Adelphi, and of Hampton, in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, do make, publish, and declare, this to be my last will and testament, as follows: I give and devise unto the Right Hon. Charles Lord Camden, the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, John Patterson, Esq. and Albany Wallis, Esq. of Norfolk-street, all that my dwelling-house at Hampton aforesaid, and the out-houses, stables, yards, gardens, orchards, lands, and gardens thereunto belonging, or therewith by me used, occupied, or enjoyed, together with the two islands or aytes on the river Thames, with their and every of their appurtenances, and the statue of Shakespeare; and also all and every the pictures, household goods, and furniture, of and in both the said houses at Hampton and Adelphi, at the time of my decease (of which an inventory shall be taken) to hold to the said Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Patterson, and Albany Wallis; their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust for and to the use of my wife Eva

Maria Garrick, for and during the term of her natural life, for her own residence, she keeping the houses and premises in good repair, and paying all quit-rents, taxes, and other rents and outgoings for the same. I give to my said wife all my household linen, silver-plate, and china ware, which I shall die possessed of, or entitled unto, both in town and country; together with my carriages and horses, and all the stock in my cellars at both houses, to and for her own use and benefit: and also give to my said wife one thousand pounds, to be paid immediately after my death, out of the first money that shall be received by my executors: I give to my said wife the further sum of five thousand pounds, to be paid to her twelve months after my decease, with interest for the same, at the rate of four pounds per centum: and I also give to my said wife, Eva Maria Garrick, one clear annuity or yearly sum of fifteen hundred pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, for and during the term of her natural life, to be paid to her quarterly, to and for her sole and separate use, without being subject to the debts, controul, or intermeddling of any husband she shall or may marry, and her receipt alone to be sufficient discharges from time to time for the same, to my executors and trustees hereinafter named. It is my request and desire, that my wife shall continue in England, and make Hampton and the Adelphi her chief place of residence; but if she shall leave England, and reside beyond sea, or in Scotland, or Ireland, in such case (which I hope will not happen), but in that case, I revoke, and make void all the devises and bequests to her, or for her use herein before-mentioned, which shall, on such event, become due, and payable to her, and instead thereof, I give her only a clear annuity of one thousand pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, for and during

the term of her natural life, payable quarterly. Provided nevertheless, and I hereby declare, that the provision hereby made for my wife, and the legacies and bequests hereby given her, are meant and intended to be in lieu of and full satisfaction for the dividends, interest, and profits of the sum of ten thousand pounds, which by our marriage settlement is to be paid, and agreed to be invested in stocks, or securities, for the purposes therein-mentioned; and also in bar, and full satisfaction of her dower, or thirds at common law, which she may be entitled to out of my real estates. And I further declare it to be my express condition, annexed to the said legacies and bequests, so given to my wife, that if she shall not, within three calendar months next after my decease, testify her consent in writing, to my executors, to take under this my will, and to relinquish all claim to the interest and dividends of the said ten thousand pounds, mentioned in our marriage settlement; then, and in such case, all the annuities, legacies, devises, and bequests to her, or for her benefit hereinbefore-mentioned, shall become null and void, and the annuities herein given to her shall sink into, and become part of my estate. And from and after the decease of my wife, or from and after the determination, or forfeiture of her interest in the premises, as aforesaid, I direct my said trustees, and the survivors, and survivor, or the heirs, executors, or administrators of the survivor, to sell, dispose of, and convey my said houses, gardens, and lands, at Hampton and the Adelphi, with their respective appurtenances, and the pictures, household goods, and furniture, hereinbefore given (except the statue of Shakespeare) by public or private sale, as they shall think proper, for the best price that can reasonably be got for the same, and turn the same into money upon the trusts, and for the purposes here-

inafter-mentioned. I give and devise all that messuage and garden, now occupied by, and in possession of my nephew David Garrick, of Hampton, and all the furniture therein, and all other my messuages, farms, and lands, in the parish of Hampton (except those given to and for the use of my wife), unto and to the use of my said nephew David Garrick, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. I give and devise all that my manor of Hendon, with the advowson of the church of Hendon, and all other my manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, with their and every of their rights, royalties, members, and appurtenances, unto the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the heirs of such survivor, in trust to sell, dispose of, and convey the same, together or in parcels, by public or private, or in one or more sale or sales, and the clear money arising from such sale or sales, as the same shall be received, after defraying the expences attending such sales, to place out upon government or real security at interest in their names, in trust, and for the purposes hereinafter-mentioned. I give and bequeath the statue of Shakespeare (after my wife's death) and all my collection of old English plays, to the trustees of the British Museum, for the time being, for the use of the public. I give all the rest of my books, of what kind soever (except such as my wife shall chuse, to the value of one hundred pounds, which I give and bequeath to her) unto my nephew Carlington Garrick, for his own use. I give the houses in Drury-Lane, which I bought of the fund for decayed actors of the theatre there, back again to the fund. I give and bequeath all the rest of my personal estate whatsoever, not specifically given to the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby,

John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, their executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust to be by them with all convenient speed sold and disposed of to the best advantage, and out of the money to arise therefrom, and any other money or personal estate, in the first place to pay the said legacies of one thousand pounds, and five thousand pounds to my wife, and the residue to be placed in their names in government or real security at interest upon trust, that they, the said trustees, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the executors, administrators, and assigns, of such survivor shall, and do, out of the dividends, interest, profits, and proceeds thereof, or a competent part thereof, from time to time, pay or cause to be paid to my wife, Eva Maria Garrick, the said annuity of fifteen hundred pounds, hereinbefore given to her during her natural life aforesaid, and for that purpose I direct that part of my personal estate, and of the money to arise from the sale of my real estates, and the securities on which the same shall be vested, shall be set apart, sufficient for the interest thereof to pay the annuities of fifteen hundred pounds, or one thousand pounds, as the case may happen, to my wife, during her life as aforesaid; and in case any such securities so set apart for the purposes aforesaid, shall fail or prove deficient, I direct others to be appropriated to make good the same, so as that the said annuities and provision may be fully and punctually paid to my wife, in preference to every other payment, legacy, or bequest whatsoever. And, I give to my brother George Garrick, the sum of ten thousand pounds. To my brother Peter Garrick, the sum of three thousand pounds. To my nephew Carrington Garrick, the sum of six thousand pounds. To my nephew David Garrick, the sum of five thousand pounds, be-

sides what I agreed to give him on his marriage. I direct my executors and trustees to stand possessed of the sum of six thousand pounds, part of my personal estate, in trust for my niece Arabella Schaw, wife of Captain Schaw, and to pay and dispose thereof, in such manner as my niece Arabella Schaw shall, notwithstanding her present or future coverture, by writing, signed by her in the presence of two credible witnesses, direct or appoint: and in default of such direction or appointment, to pay one moiety thereof to her personal representatives, the other moiety to become a part of my personal estate. I give to my niece Catharine Garrick, the sum of six thousand pounds, to be paid to her at the age of twenty one years, on day of marriage, with interest, at the rate of four pounds per centum, per annum. I give to my sister Merical Doxey, the sum of three thousand pounds. I give to my wife's niece, who is now with us at Hampton, the sum of one thousand pounds. All which legacies I direct shall be paid by my executors, out of the residue of my personal estate, which shall remain, after paying the legacies to my wife, and securing the annuities aforesaid: and if there shall not be sufficient to answer and pay all the said last-mentioned legacies, the legatees shall abate in proportion to their legacies, and wait until the death of my wife, when the money arising by the sale of Hampton and the fund, for payment of the annuities, will be at liberty, and become part of my personal estate, to answer and pay the said legacies in full, provided always, that, if any one or two of my trustees shall happen to die before the several trusts hereby in them reposed, shall be fully and completely executed and finished, then, and in such case, the survivors and survivor of them shall, in convenient time, assign, transfer, and

convey such of the estates, stocks, funds, and other securities, as shall there remain undisposed of for the purposes aforesaid, so as the same may be vested in the survivors or survivor; and one or two other trustees, as the case may happen, to be named by the survivors or survivor, and as often as any of the said trustees shall die, a new one shall be named to be joined with the survivors, so as that the number may be kept filled up; and all such new trustees shall stand possessed of the estates, stocks, funds, and securities, jointly with the survivors, to the same uses, and upon the same trusts, intents, and purposes, hereinbefore declared and appointed, provided also, that it shall be lawful for my trustees, and every of them, and all future trustee and trustees, in the first place, to retain to themselves out of the trust estate, from time to time, all such costs, charges, and expences, as they or any of them shall respectively be put unto, or sustain in the trust hereby in them respectively reposed; and that none of them, or any future trustee or trustees, shall be answerable for the other or others of them, or for more than he himself shall actually receive, or wilfully lose or destroy; and in case, after the payment of all the said legacies, bequests and expences, there shall remain any surplus money, or personal estate, I direct the same to be divided amongst my next of kin, as if I had died intestate; and I nominate and appoint the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, to be executors of this my will, which I declare to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former and other wills by me at any time hereafter made. In witness whereof, I the said David Garrick, have to two parts of this my will, contained in seven sheets of paper, set my hand to each of the said sheets, and my seal to the first and last sheets, this twenty-

fourth day of September, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight.

DAVID GARRICK, (L. S.)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said testator David Garrick, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at his request, in his presence, and in presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto,

PALMERSTON,

SOPHIA RICKETS,

GEORGE POYNTZ RICKETS.

A handsome monument has been lately erected to his memory, by Mr. Albany Wallis, at his own expence.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS AT ALEPPO.

IN perusing the History of Aleppo, (the principal inhabitants of which are Turks) we find the following curious account of the manner of their funeral ceremonies:—

When a Turk dies, the women begin to shriek, and continue their clamorous lamentations till the body is buried; as soon as dead, they immediately wash the corps, stop all its natural passages with cotton, and wrap it up in a cotton cloth; then lay it in a coffin: at the head is erected a short staff, on which is placed a head-dress, shewing the sex of the deceased; the bier is carried, in their turns, by almost all that happen to be there present: the male relations follow it first, then the females, who shriek all the way to the mosque, where the imaum says a service: the graves lie east and west: they lay the head to the west, turning the body on the right side, that the face may look toward Mecca: the grave is below the surface with flat stones, that the earth may not fall in upon the coffin, and the

last words that are used by the imaum to the deceased, with great solemnity, are as follows:—

“ Oh man, from the earth thou wast first created, and to the earth thou dost now return, this grave being the first step of thy progress to the mansions of the other world: if in thy actions thou hast been virtuous, thou art absolved by God; but if, on the contrary, thou hast not been so, the mercy of God is greater than all things.”

If Mahometans, who live under a dispensation so dark, as it respects the worship of God, possess such exalted ideas of his benevolence, surely, if Christians in general were to embrace and proclaim sentiments proportionably refined, he would soon appear to all around like the beautiful sun in the orient sky, yielding his genial beams through the chaotic mazes of expanding day, until, arrived at his meridian centre, when shades shall vanish, and all creation be acquainted with the effulgent efficacy of divine love.

EXHIBITION

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY AT SOMERSET-HOUSE,

FOR THE YEAR 1801.

Ingenium placida mollimur ab arte,

Et studio mores convenienter eunt. OVID.

The disposition is soften'd by this pleasing art—and the love of it is agreeably accompanied by our improvement.

FREE TRANSLATION.

THE cultivation of the fine arts is a sure test of the civilization to which a country has attained. Thus was it in Greece and Rome, and such is the case in Britain, which has been celebrated

for its refinement. The leisure enjoyed by the artist for the production of his pieces, and the liberality with which the public patronises these efforts of skill, are both favourable symptoms of the times in which we live. On other matters we touch not—but, in this respect, an avowed enemy will not refuse to acknowledge our superiority. *A Reynolds*, a *West*, and an *Opie*, have long ago borne away the palm of victory.

In giving our readers a sketch of the present Exhibition, we shall adopt the same arrangement of subjects which we have used on former occasions.

The HISTORICAL PAINTINGS are chiefly taken from the Sacred Writings. In this kind of productions Mr. WEST has, for some time past, distinguished himself. His majesty, we understand, is on this account particularly partial to him. Indeed a great many of our churches, chapels, and noblemen's seats, owe to him several of their most splendid decorations. His pencil in this line may be said to be both unwearied and unrivalled. At least we have seen many of his pieces which, though not faultless, are entitled to a very high degree of our admiration.

We shall give a list of his scriptural pieces in the present exhibition—Saul's miraculous conversion, for St. Paul's church, Birmingham—Abraham and Isaac going to sacrifice—Ascension of our Saviour, for his majesty's chapel, Windsor—Moses from the top of Pisgah shewn the promised land—Joshua passing the river Jordan with the ark of the covenant, for the Pennsylvania hospital, Philadelphia—Christ healing the sick—and, Hannah presenting Samuel to Eli. These pictures indeed possess different degrees of merit, but they are, on the whole, ably executed. Abraham and Isaac—Joshua passing Jordan—and Christ healing the sick, are highly

characteristic—the countenances glow with an appropriate sentiment—the scenery is adapted to the event represented, and the whole impression is favourable to virtue and piety. The Bible is a storehouse of sublime facts—the pencil therefore is well employed on such subjects.

With Christ's entry into Jerusalem, by H. Singleton, we were not particularly struck; but the Elevation of the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness, by Hamilton, and the Flight to Egypt, by Arnold, are pleasingly executed.

In profane history we remarked only one capital painting, which is done by Woodforde—the subject, Charles the First when in the hands of the army, after repeated solicitations, was allowed an interview with his children, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and Princess Elizabeth, then under the care of the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, at which Oliver Cromwell was present, July 1647. The unfortunate monarch discovers the eagerness of a parent to embrace his children, who press toward him with pleasing indications of filial affection, whilst Oliver Cromwell looks on with a countenance strongly expressive of the passions with which his bosom must at that moment have been agitated. The head dress of the countess is characterised by a peculiar neatness and simplicity.

PORTRAITS are to be met with in their usual abundance. Those of the Mayor of Norwich, John Herring, Esq. and of Dr. Valpy, master of Reading-school, by Opie, are beautiful and impressive. The Duke of York, by Beechy, and the Duke of Clarence, by Shée, are good likenesses—as are also William Pitt, Esq.—General Paoli—Peter Pindar, Esq.—the Author of the Farmer's Boy—Mr. H. D. Symonds, the bookseller—and Bacon, the statuary.—But the master-piece in this department is HAMLET, by Lawrence—the figure is truly grand, the

features are expressive, and the passions are portrayed with an inimitable fidelity.

Of the LANDSCAPES and VIEWS, many are taken from the principality of Wales. The wildness of its scenes makes them proper subjects for the pencil. A Storm, by Pocock—a Summer Evening, by Cranmer—Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, by Wheatley—View on the Coast of Kent—the Bird's Nest—East Cowes Castle, Isle of Wight, by Barrett—View of Cader Iris, by Varley—View of Christiana, in Norway, by Edy—a Scene through a Rock, by Burrill—View of Carnarvon Castle, by Pocock—together with a View of Castle-Acre Monastery, near Swaffham, Norfolk, and a View near Dolgelly, by J. Baynes, possess considerable merit, and forcibly arrested our attention.

The MINIATURES are very numerous this year, and several of them seem happily executed. His Majesty, by Bone—Miss Linwood, by Shelly—and Mr. R. K. Porter, together with many others, made a pleasing appearance. But these miniatures lose much of their interest by our not knowing the originals—the likenesses, therefore, cannot, by indifferent spectators, be recognised. Mr. Hazlitt gave us his own picture, but we were sorry to find that none of his other productions graced the collection.

Of MORAL PICTURES there were a few that engaged our attention. The Severe Steward, or Unfortunate Tenant, by Bigg, was highly interesting, and replete with instruction. The distress of the females was deeply depicted, and well calculated to affect our sensibility. Folly interrupting Meditation, by Russel, was impressive. The Holyday Feast, by Miss Spilsbury, was marked by an appropriate merriment and festivity. Nor must we forget to notice a Newfoundland Dog saving a

Child, and the Child recovered and brought to his Parents, which were truly interesting. In viewing the former we were agitated by fear, in contemplating the latter we were elevated with joy. The most masterly piece of this kind is—The Love-sick Maid; or, The Doctor Puzzled, by Opie, B. A.

“ She never told her love.”

Every attitude, every look of the patient marks her deplorable condition. The very features of the physician indicate that he is of opinion that something more efficacious than medicine must bring about the recovery. We shall only just add, that we were pleased with the *Millennial Age*, by Corbould.

—————The mother sees,
And smiles to see her infant's playful hand
Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.

COWPER.

Among the LUDICROUS PIECES, Sancho Panca, in his government of Barataria—and Don Quixote recommending Rosinante to the care of the Governor of the Castle, as the finest creature in the world, are very diverting—because both the figures, and the attendant scenes, exhibited a joint power in awakening our risibility.

The SEA PIECES are pretty numerous—a Storm, by Girtin—and his Majesty's ship Anson, Captain P. C. Durham, in action with five French frigates, being part of the squadron which had been engaged with, and were making their escape from the British under Commodore Sir J. B. Warren, 12th October, 1798, were worthy of applause. Others of merit might be specified, but we are studious of brevity.

In the MODEL ACADEMY below, we marked with pleasure plans of London-Bridge—Sydney-

Gardens, Bath—the Palace of Dido, described by Virgil—and Sir William Jones compiling the Hindoo Laws—together with several Monuments. The Palace of Dido, indeed, was characterised by an uncommon degree of magnificence and glory.

Upon the whole, we were tolerably well gratified with the present exhibition, though its chief trait is a pleasing mediocrity. At the same time, *The Love-sick Maid*, by OPIE—*Moonlight View from Nature*, by PETHER—together with *Fruits and Flowers*, by HEWLET, are incomparable productions. Those were highly impressive in their effect. We can, without hesitation, declare that *they* possess a decided superiority.

For the Monthly Visitor.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM CHINA.

THE great difficulty of procuring authentic information relative to the manners, laws, and customs of the Chinese, the internal œconomy and present state of the empire, render such communications, when they can be obtained, highly valuable; and we presume few articles more interesting than the following have been received from thence. They are extracted from two letters received by the last fleet, the first written from Canton, dated the 26th of May, and the latter from Macao, the 10th of August last, by a gentleman who possesses peculiar opportunities of information.

“ Our literary and scientific enquiries are less likely to be thwarted under the mild influence of the present viceroy, who is remarkable for his humanity and benevolence. An instance of this disposition lately appeared in an observation which he made, upon a painting of a ship in distress being presented to him by one of the Chinese merchants.

He examined it with much interest and curiosity, and said, that the conduct of those mandarines was truly unworthy, who could desire to harass the English with further vexations and impositions, after they had come to this country from so great a distance, and encountered such perils and dangers by the way. The viceroy added, that as his curiosity was gratified by the picture, he thought it might prove interesting even to the emperor, to whom he should accordingly take an opportunity of sending it.

“Next to the viceroy, the mandarine, in whose character the Europeans are most interested, is the *hoppo*, or chief revenue officer, under whose direction the duties and imposts are assessed upon the English commerce. The person who at present fills that situation is not much esteemed for his probity or good manners, but as he is at the same time deficient in talents, his rapacity and extortion are less apprehended.

“From motives of curiosity, as well as to guard in some measure against the impositions of persons of this description, I have lately bespoke from Nankin an edition of the Chinese Code of Laws, which, in length at least, will vie, if not surpass, our publications of the same kind in Europe, as it consists of upwards of one hundred and fifty volumes in octavo.*—In a nation, whose ideas and manners are totally different from ours, such an immense compilation must inevitably contain a great deal of new and curious matter for an European.

“During our residence at Canton last winter, some differences which arose between the English supercargoes and the Chinese government, induced

* It is proper to observe, that the Chinese volumes are in general much less than those of Europe.

the former to request a copy of the Laws of the Empire, to which their submission had been desired ; the viceroy accordingly sent them a few extracts from the printed laws, which, though not very remarkable for their equity or precision, are a curiosity of their kind ; I have therefore enclosed you a copy of the original, with a literal translation, which I made at the time.

TRANSLATION OF EXTRACTS FROM THE CHINESE
CRIMINAL CODE OF LAWS.

" 1. A man who kills another on the suspicion of theft shall be strangled, according to the laws of homicide committed in an affray.

" 2. A man who fires at another with a musket, and kills him thereby, shall be beheaded, as in cases of wilful murder ; if the sufferer is wounded (but not mortally) the offender shall be sent into exile.

" 3. A man who puts to death a criminal, who had been apprehended and made no resistance, shall be strangled, according to the law against homicide committed in an affray.

" 4. A man who falsely accuses an innocent person of theft (in cases of greatest criminality) is guilty of a capital offence ; in all other cases the offenders, whether principals or accessories, shall be sent into exile.

" 5. A man who wounds another unintentionally shall be tried according to the law respecting blows given in an affray, and the punishment rendered more or less severe according to the degree of injury sustained.

" 6. A man who, intoxicated with liquor, commits outrages against the laws, shall be exiled to a desert country, there to remain in a state of servitude."



Epitome of Natural History,

No. VI.

THE DOMESTIC COCK.

THE cock, like the dog, in its present state of domestication, differs so widely from his wild original, as to render it a difficult matter to trace him back to his primitive stock; however, it is generally agreed that he is to be found in a state of nature in the forests of India, and in most of the islands of the Indian seas. The varieties of this species are endless; every country, and almost every district of each country, producing a different kind. From Asia, where they are supposed to have originated, they have been diffused over every part of the inhabited world. America was the last to receive them. It has been said that they were first introduced into Brazil by the Spaniards; they are now as common in all the inhabited parts of that vast continent as with us. Of those which have been selected for domestic purposes in this country, the principal are,

1. THE CRESTED COCK,

Of which there are several varieties, such as the white-crested black ones; the black-crested white ones; the gold and silver ones, &c.

**2. THE HAMBURGH COCK, NAMED ALSO
VELVET BREECHES,**

Because its thighs and belly are of a soft black.* This is a very large kind, and much used for the table.

3. THE BANTAM, OR DWARF COCK.

A diminutive but very spirited breed: its legs are furnished with long feathers, which reach to the ground behind; it is very courageous, and will fight with one much stronger than itself.

4. THE FRIZZLED COCK.

The feathers in this are so curled up that they seem reversed, and to stand in opposite directions: they are originally from the southern parts of Asia, and when young are extremely sensible of cold: they have a disordered and unpleasant appearance, but are in much esteem for the table.

We shall finish our list with the English game cock, which stands unrivalled by those of any other nation for its invincible courage, and on that account is made use of as the instrument of the cruel sport of cock-fighting. To trace this custom to its origin we must look back into barbarous times, and lament that it still continues the disgrace of an enlightened and philosophic age. The Athenians allotted one day in the year to cock-fighting; the Romans are said to have learned it from them; and by that warlike people it was first introduced into this island. Henry VIII. was so attached to the sport that he caused a commodious house to be erected for that purpose, which, though it is now

* Buffon.

applied to a very different use, still retains the name of the Cock-pit. The Chinese, and many of the nations of India, are so extravagantly fond of this unmanly sport, that, during the paroxysms of their phrenzy, they will sometimes risk not only the whole of their property, but their wives and children, on the issue of a battle.

The appearance of the game-cock, when in his full plumage and not mutilated for the purpose of fighting, is strikingly beautiful and animated: his head, which is small, is adorned with a beautiful red comb and wattles; his eyes sparkle with fire, and his whole demeanour bespeaks boldness and freedom; the feathers on his neck are long, and fall gracefully down upon his body, which is thick, firm, and compact; his tail is long, and forms a beautiful arch behind, which give a grace to all his motions: his legs are strong, and are armed with sharp spurs, with which he defends himself and attacks his adversary. When surrounded by his females, his whole aspect is full of animation; he allows of no competitor, but, on the approach of a rival, he rushes forward to instant combat, and either drives him from the field, or perishes in the attempt. The cock is very attentive to his females, hardly ever losing sight of them; he leads, defends, and cherishes them, collects them together when they straggle, and seems to eat unwillingly till he sees them feeding around him; when he loses them he utters his griefs, and from the different inflexions of his voice, and the various significant gestures which he makes, one would be led to conclude that it is a species of language which serves to communicate his sentiments. The fecundity of the hen is great; she lays generally two eggs in three days, and continues to lay through the greatest part of the year, except the time of moulting, which last about two months. After

having laid about twenty-five or thirty eggs, she prepares for the painful task of incubation, and gives the most certain indications of her wants by her cries and the violence of her emotions. Should she be deprived of her own eggs, which is frequently the case, she will cover those of any other kind, or even fictitious ones of stone or chalk, by which means she wastes herself in fruitless efforts. A sitting hen is a lively emblem of the most affectionate solicitude and attention; she covers her eggs with her wings, fosters them with a genial warmth, changing them gently, that all parts may be properly heated; she seems to perceive the importance of her employment, and is so intent in her occupation, that she neglects, in some measure, the necessary supplies of food and drink; she omits no care, overlooks no precaution, to complete the existence of the little incipient beings, and to guard against the dangers that threaten them. Buffon, with his usual elegance, observes, "that the condition of a sitting hen, however insipid it may appear to us, is perhaps not a tedious situation, but a state of continual joy; so much has nature connected raptures with whatever relates to the multiplication of her creatures!"

For a curious account of the progress of incubation, in the developement of the chick, we refer our readers to the above-mentioned author, who has given a minute detail of the several appearances which take place, at different stated periods, till the young chick is ready to break the shell and come forth. In former times the Egyptians, and in later days philosophers, have succeeded in hatching eggs without the assistance of the hen, and that in great numbers at once, by means of artificial heat, corresponding with the warmth of the hen: the eggs are placed in ovens, to which an equal and moderate degree of heat is applied, and every

kind of moisture or pernicious exhalation carefully avoided—by which means, and by turning the eggs, so that every part may enjoy alike the requisite heat, hundreds may be produced at the same time.

For the Monthly Visitor.

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION,

A TALE.

(Continued from page 25.)

Poor artless maid, to stain thy spotless fame,
Candour and art, and toil united strove
To fure a breast, that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, and betray'd by love.

SHENSTONE.

FREDERIC, though extremely loose in his principles, was not deficient in good-nature—he set instantly about the proposed inquiries, and learnt that the Lion was stationed in the West Indies—that her crew had suffered dreadfully from epidemic sickness, and that the brother of Maria was one of the unfortunate victims of its fury. This unwelcome intelligence he communicated as gently as possible to the inhabitants of the cottage. Maria's tears flowed copiously, and greatly relieved the agonies of her feeling heart—but her aged parent had no such resource—grief, for the death of her son, and the departure of her grandson, had before exhausted them—she could not shed a tear—she did not utter a complaint. “I had hoped that Henry would have returned,” said she, “to bless my age, and guard Maria's youth—but Heaven's will be done.”—“My dear grandmother,” cried the affectionate girl, “do not grieve—I can work, both for myself and you.”—“My aunt will assist you,” cried the elder of the Fitzcarys, who had accompanied

Frederick on this unpleasant errand, "I am sure she will—do not weep Maria—we will call again to-morrow." In saying this, he took the arm of Frederick, and they quitted the cottage. On arriving at the Priory, Mrs. Fitzcary was applied to by her nephew for the relief of Maria—she commissioned him to make her a moderate present—promised to enquire more minutely into their character and circumstances—and then dismissed him. In the mean time, Frederick, under the pretence of writing letters, had withdrew to his chamber—he there pondered on the situation of Maria, and cursed fortune most vehemently for not placing it in his power to serve so interesting an object—I can, however, advise her under difficulties, and comfort her under afflictions, thought he—and, in the midst of his zeal to serve her, he sought Fitzcary, who communicated to him the commission he had received from his aunt—they mutually agreed to visit the cottagers the following morning, and, if the old lady was sufficiently at ease to bear so painful a conversation, to inquire minutely into their circumstances, in hopes of procuring for them some permanent relief. Early the ensuing day they set forward on their errand, and, on their arrival, saw only Maria, from whom they learnt that her grandmother was confined to her bed with a most severe indisposition. "How long has she been ill?" asked Fitzcary.—"She was taken in the night," was the reply.—"Have you had any medical assistance?"—"No, (said Maria, mournfully) I have been to Doctor Bolus, who said he would call when he came this way; but as that may not be for three or four days, my poor grandmother may be dead by that time."—"Good heavens! (exclaimed Fitzcary,) what monstrous brutality—I will go to him, Maria, and bring him back with me;" in so saying, he set off for the village with all the speed he could make. During his absence Frederick drew from Maria a confession, "that all their hopes of subsistence was drawn from labour—her grandmother spun—she knit—and their united efforts barely procured them bread."—"But your cottage,"—"Was my mother's," said

Maria.—“Then of course it is now your’s,” said Frederick.—“Yes, (said Maria) worse luck it is—for it will not make me amends for the loss of my poor brother.” Just as she had concluded her sentence, Fitzcary returned, bringing Doctor Bolus, who, though he could not come to the poor cottager, made no difficulty of attending the bishop’s nephew. He examined the patient with much apparent attention—asked an hundred unnecessary questions—flourished through a routine of technical phrases—then gravely pronounced the patient suffering under a stroke of the palsy, which was incurable. “But can you not relieve her, doctor,” asked Frederic.—“That, sir, is very doubtful in cases of this description—and medicine now is very expensive,” laying a strong emphasis on the last sentence. “Oh, I will pay you,” cried Fitzcary, with all the ardour of youth. “Then, sir, I am in duty bound (said the pliant doctor) to exert my best abilities for the service of the patient—and you may depend on it, no attention shall be wanted,” in saying this, he departed with a strut of medical importance. Fitzcary then dropped his aunt’s present into the hands of Maria—and they again quitted the cottage. In the course of a few days Mrs. Fitzcary had made the necessary inquiries into the character of our cottagers, which was so much in their favour, that she determined on affording them her protection through their present difficulties. For this purpose, she visited them, attended only by her own woman—and being much pleased with the person and manners of Maria, interested herself greatly in her concerns—advised her not to encourage the young men in their visits to the cottage, as it was highly improper that they should be in the habit of coming there during the illness of her grandmother. Maria, whose artless bosom glowed with the pure flame of gratitude, warmly applauded their benevolence—and, with all the simplicity of unsophisticated youth, assured her benefactress that they came there only out of compassion and good will to her grandmother. Mrs. Fitzcary smiled, and shook her head, saying, “My good girl, when

you know more of the world, you will not think an old woman the only object of benevolence to young men—I can believe that they are sorry for your grandmother's misfortune—but I do not think, had she been alone, that Mr. Lawson would ever have enquired into them—as to my nephew, his youth and inexperience may lead him into many improprieties, of which he will not suspect the consequence; I shall, therefore, take upon me to insist on his refraining from coming hither—over the conduct of Mr. Lawson I have no such power, and if I had, I have no wish to exert it—I expect that your reserve and prudence, together with his own sense of decorum, will prevent him from repeating his visits, without my appearing to interfere in it.” Maria curtsied in silence—and Mrs. Fitzcary departed—though not till she had informed Maria that she should send a person to assist in taking care of her grandmother, who was now so helpless as to be unable to move herself. For this purpose, an elderly woman was procured from the hamlet—necessaries were regularly sent from the Priory—and poor Maria again breathed with comparative tranquillity—she reassumed her old habits of industry—knit all day, and weeded her garden in the evening. Fitzcary never came to the cottage—and Frederick but seldom—his stay was always short, and his conversation so polite and interesting, that Maria, though she wished to execute the desires of her benefactress, could never assume sufficient reserve to indicate that she was offended at his attentions. As for Frederick, on his first setting out, we have seen that he thought himself solely actuated by benevolence—but alas! the sequel proves that vanity, and a love of intrigue, were the main springs of his actions. Maria, though not beautiful, was pretty and interesting—and more to his taste than any female he had seen in that part of the world—add to this, that her extreme agitation on his appearance—which all his condescension could not remove—flattered his pride, and led him to think that he had made an impression on her heart, that she in vain endeavoured to eradicate. The good woman

who was appointed to assist, one day urged her rather warmly not to see Mr. Lawson when he next called, or else to tell him that his appearance there subjected her to the censure of the hamlet—which in fact was the truth. Maria, who was indeed heart-stricken, replied only by her tears. At this critical moment Frederick made his appearance—her companion instantly withdrew—and the confusion of Maria increased.—Frederick pressed her anxiously, tenderly pressed her, to unfold the cause of her uneasiness—“Is your grandmother worse?”—“No.” “Do you want for any thing?”—“Oh no.” “Why then do you weep?”—“Because I am wretched!” cried Maria, with an energy of expression he had not supposed her capable of exerting. “Wretched! and not confide the cause of your anxiety to one who would die to remove it.”—Words cost nothing, and none knew better than Frederick when, and where, to apply them. A modern fair one, perhaps, might have taken them at their proper value, and rated them for nothing—but with Maria, unhacknied in the world’s loose acceptance of terms, they passed for sterling gold.—“My neighbours, (said she, in extreme agitation) have noticed your visits—they say I shall lose my character—my grandmother will soon die—and what then will become of me.”—“I will protect you, (cried Frederick) no one shall either injure or insult you.”—Maria shook her head. “Am I not your friend, Maria?”—“I believe you are: but”—— “But what.”—“People say no good will come of your friendship.” “Indeed, (cried Frederick, in a tone of vexation) and do you doubt my friendship.” Maria, who just then recollected Mrs. Fitzcary’s words, remained silent. “Cruel girl, (he continued) you doubt my honour, Farewell, Maria, when next we meet, you may think me worthy of your confidence.”—In saying this, he quitted her hand, which he had before taken, and walked hastily towards the door. “Oh, do not go in anger, (cried Maria) if we are to part, let it be without ill-will—I am sensible that I can never repay your kindness, and am therefore the more bound to esteem

and honour you—I am sure I did not mean to offend you.”—“I am not angry, (cried Frederick, returning) and I am inclined to hope that you have uttered the sentiments of others, rather than the wishes of your own heart.” The tender confusion of Maria confirmed his opinion—and he seized that heedless moment to persuade her that private meeting, as opportunity might offer, would add to his happiness, without injuring her character. She submitted her conduct, with ill-fated confidence, to his direction, and their meetings were conducted so secretly, that no one suspected them. At length Maria’s grandmother was released from her sufferings—and the consequences that followed will be the subject of a future number.

(To be continued.)

For the Monthly Visitor.

IF the following lines meet the approbation of the Editors of the Monthly Visitor, and be considered a sufficient reply to their question in the last number, “Whether solitude or society be best calculated to promote moral improvement;” by inserting them, they will much oblige,

MATISSA.

ESSAY.

FREQUENT intercourse with the world is very prejudicial to the cultivation of the understanding; enervates the mental powers; indisposes the attention to better and more essential pursuits; and renders the mind unfit for cool deliberation.

On the other hand, the occasional society of the amiable and intelligent, conduces much to moral improvement. After having been but a short time busily engaged in the gay scenes of active life, the studious derive the greatest pleasure in devoting a few moments to retirement. When alone and undisturbed, we feel that tranquil quiet which in vain

is sought in crowds. *Solitude* is the parent of true wisdom, virtue, and sublimity of thought: it exhorts the mind to contemplation, and bids it aspire after that perfection, which cannot be pursued in the circles of fashion, or obtained by the dissipated votaries of pleasure. In the most afflicting and calamitous sufferings, solitude softens the poignancy of feeling; calmly composes the ruffled passions, by teaching the soul, when laden with affliction's iron yoke, to view the hand that gave the stroke as omnipotent, and unerringly wise.

Depraved indeed, and callous to the influence of piety, must those be, who receive no profit from meditation: but alas! to an heart where guilt is an inmate, how different the sensations it inspires! every thought is anguish, and each reflection gives another pang to misery.

Solitude is the most sure source of devotion, and therefore the christian's delight—but it is equally the dread and aversion of the guilty: because their consciences being sullied with dissimulation, permit them not to look within.

Occasional seclusion from the world is both commendable and pleasing.—But the monastic recluse defeats one of the purposes for which he was created; the greatest of which was, probably, to make us good and virtuous members of social life. How much also does he lose by his unnecessary banishment! He is a stranger to friendship, that tender and noble sentiment, capable of bestowing the most happy effects, when securely founded on the basis of real worth and mutual integrity. In calamity, what solace can be compared to the soothing voice of an affectionate friend? But that voice, it is to be regretted, he never hears—the invaluable blessing of a friend he possesses not.

In his unfrequented and melancholy asylum, he will learn (it is to be feared), to imbibe unmerited

resentment and misanthropic prejudice toward mankind. Here he views them with the jaundiced eye of rancorous hatred, rather than with the charitable love instilled by the more rational and kinder principles of christianity.

Were our time but equally divided between the pleasures of devotion, the discharge of domestic duties, and the society of friends, perhaps it would the better promote our moral improvement, than though we were wholly engaged in an unfriendly and entire seclusion from the world; or occupied in one continual and insipid routine of seeing and being seen.

The medium of these extremes appears the most congenial to the happiness and welfare of the prudent adherents to reason.

To be, therefore, neither unsocial on the one hand, or devotees to company and amusement on the other, would be the most probable means to protect us from the disapprobation and ridicule of every class: and, if so, it must be the safest path for all to tread.

June 12, 1801.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.

1. Blush.

2.

When my thoughts on the second enigma I turn,
I think I perceive it alludes to an *Urn*.

3. Bar.

CHARADES.

1. Fire-lock.

4. Con-tent.

2. Book-worm.

5. War-rant.

3. Block-head.

REBUSSES.

1.

Secure within its shell, the *Nut*
 In England may be pick'd each year :
 And when these words be back ward put,
Tun, a large measure will appear.

2.

Hog, *ox*, ugly, stinking, entertainment, house,

3.

Dan is a place from Beersheba remote :
Oxford a university of note ;
Gallows the place which sheriffs must attend ;
 Of these three words the initials take,
Dog is the syllable they make ;
 And man has ever found *his dog his friend*.

4.

Reverse a *Yard*—and then you'll say,
 You see what brewers use ; a *Dray*.

Enigmas, &c. for Solution.

1.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF BIRDS.

What we all do at every meal.
 A disorder incident to man and horse.
 Nothing, twice yourself, and fifty.
 An almanac-maker.
 A look.
 Equality, and decay.
 An English architect.
 A workman's implement.
 A lever.
 A mechanical instrument.
 Three-eighths of a monthly publication, with a dish
 of victuals.
 An English river.
 A sea fish, and a young creature.
 A rascal.
 Two small animals.

A cheat.
 Part of a fence.
 A distant country.
 A seventy-gun ship.
 Part of a lady's dress.
 The top of your head.
 Spoil half a score.
 The defence of a bridge.

..@..

2.

BY J. F.

Reverse an opening in a mansion found,
 You have a mean, by which they measure ground.

..@..

3.

Three quarters of a sect of old,
 Clearly shews my first, I'm told :
 My next of meat and fruit is made,
 By children with delight survey'd.
 Myself, when in a state of nature,
 Am but a cunning, squalling creature;
 But when learning I receive,
 I speak ; and then much pleasure give.

..@..

4.

My first is built with great design ;
 And clearly shows a hand divine,
 To reason's prying sight :
 My second is a fish by nature ;
 My whole's a beauteous little creature,
 Which in my first, first came to light.



The Cabinet of Birth.

" Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

HIBERNIAN ELOQUENCE.

IN the house of commons, lately, Mr. Martin, of Galway, said, the lamentation of gentlemen over the constitution reminded him of one of those funerals in his own country, at which great, big *tears* and *sobs* might be *heard* and *seen* among the mourners, some of whom were probably the accessaries, or principals, in perpetrating the murder of the man who was going to his grave (*a laugh*). He considered the minister in the situation of the captain of an East Indiaman. It was his duty to bring the ship home safe, and to guard against wear and tear;—but, if that could not be done, if to save the *whole* cargo, he should be obliged to throw *half* of it overboard (*this produced a loud laugh*);—yes, he maintained, if he was to throw the *whole* of it overboard, he should be indemnified for his conduct! (*Here a loud laughing, and cry of Order, Order! succeeded.*)



MODERN ORTHOGRAPHY.

A parish clerk in Hertfordshire, named Jeremy, lately received the following curious instructions from a parishioner:—"Mister Gemery, mi wief is dede an wants to be burid, a Digg Graiv for hir an Shee shall com to be burid termorrer at Wunner Clocke—you noes ware to dige itt bi mi two uther wifes—let it lee dip.



ANECDOTE.

An emigrant nobleman lately asked Lady Wallace, "Why it was generally remarked abroad, by

foreigners, that the Scotch, who travelled, were men of parts and learning, while the English were generally wanting in both?" Her ladyship, with her usual vivacity, replied—"That only fools went out of England; but for Scotland, none but fools would stay in it." A Scotch nobleman, neither famous for parts or learning, observed—"That her ladyship was right with regard to the Scotch; for," says he, "there are offices established in Scotland where every Scotchman must apply for a passport before he can leave the country; and previous to the granting thereof, he is examined with regard to his intellects and education: and should they not arrive to the standard fixed, no passport is granted, but he is sent back for improvement: on a second application the same form is observed, but should he apply a third time, and then be found wanting, he is remanded back for life."—"Then," replied her ladyship, "I am sure your lordship was smuggled!"



EXTRAORDINARY RETORT.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Gen. Earl of Desmond led his army into the territory of his enemy, the Earl of Ormond, where, after a desperate conflict, he was defeated, wounded and taken prisoner. As the Ormondians conveyed him from the field on a bier, his supporters exclaimed—"Where is now the great Earl of Desmond?" The wounded chief replied—"Where, but in his proper place, *on the necks of the Butlers!*"



ANECDOTE.

The following curious circumstance is related as having taken place some time ago at the court of Copenhagen. On entering the drawing-room one

court-day, the foot of the French ambassador tripped, the Dutch envoy attempted to save him, but without success, and they both fell at the feet of Mrs Crawford, the Lady of the English chargé d'affaires—the Russian minister, then present, exclaimed, "*Voila les deux Republique aux piéds d'Angleterre!*"



BON MOT OF THE LATE ROBERT BURNS.

This singular character, it is well known, was addicted to the bottle. A physician who attended him in his last illness remonstrating with him on this head, assured him, "the *coat* of his stomach was entirely gone." The merry bard declared, if that were the case, he would go on drinking to the end of the chapter; "for, if the *coat* was all gone, it was not worth while carrying about the *waist-coat*."



The following ludicrous notice was lately sent by a gentleman in the county of York, the tithe of whose garden is demanded by the rector of the parish he lives in.

"*Notice to the Rector of O——— Parish.*

"A large fine dish of Battersea asparagus will be cut at O——— Hall, on Thursday next, the 4th of June, in order to celebrate his majesty's birth-day, of which the rector is desired to take notice, that a proper person may be sent to take his tithe in kind."

O———, June 2, 1801.



It is said, that Menou's artillery is drawn by Abyssinian oxen, which, according to the practice described by the late Mr. Bruce, serve at once for *beasts of draught* and *food to the cannoneers*. On their march from Cairo to Alexandria, they regu-

larly breakfasted, dined, and supped on slices from the living ox, then stitched up the skin, and drove on the animals in the yoke as before, till the journey and the ox ended together!

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN;

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF VALOUR AND GENEROSITY.

IN the beginning of the summer, 1708, Queen Anne among many other ships which were put in commission, had one, a vessel of 70 guns, commanded by ——— Smith, a concealed papist, and one who bore an implacable hatred to his country. His ship was stationed to guard the coasts; and, as it did not compose part of any fleet, the captain was at liberty to cruize with her as he thought proper. He accordingly sailed to Gottenburgh, where he sold her majesty's ship of war, whether to the King of Sweden, or to private merchants, history does not say. Be that as it will, Mons. Mezeray affirms, he received the price; and immediately after retired into France, to offer his services to Louis XIV. against his native country. The king received him very graciously, and promised him the first captain's commission that should be vacant; but, in the meantime, advised him to serve as a volunteer aboard the galley of M. Langeron, at Dunkirk; and that orders should be given to receive him with that respect which was his due. The advice of kings is but a concealed manner of commanding, at least Smith took it in that light, and obeyed. The Chevalier Langeron received him very politely, and entertained him at his own expence. The French historian says, in all our fruitless expeditions to the coast of England, Smith's was one. He often advised a descent upon that coast, in order to burn the towns, that he might at once have an opportunity of shewing his

bravery, and gratifying his unnatural hatred; but it was thought too dangerous to comply. The coasts were guarded by patrolling parties, while large bodies of trained troops were placed at convenient distances from each other; a species of animals French sailors do not much care to meddle or interfere with. Smith, burning with rage against England, had his head filled with nothing but schemes to offend it; amongst the rest he sent proposals to the French court of burning Harwich, a little town situated near the mouth of the Thames, provided six galleys were submitted to his command. The king approved his project, gave orders to Commodore Langeron to follow Captain Smith's instructions in the whole of the expedition, and to the intendant to furnish whatever was necessary towards carrying it on. The Chevalier Langeron felt some repugnance at being subjected to the controul of a stranger, invested with no commission; however, he obeyed with seeming satisfaction, while Smith gave the necessary directions for collecting combustibles, and a reinforcement of soldiers, with whatever else was thought necessary. Every thing being in readiness, we put to sea on the 5th of September, in a fine clear morning, with a gentle favourable wind at north-east. We arrived at the mouth of the Thames without using our oars, at about five in the evening. But Smith, being of opinion that we were too early, and that we might be discovered if we came too near the shore, ordered us to stand off to sea till night fall, and to make our descent when it was dark. We had not laid to half an hour, when the sailor at the mast-head cried out, "A fleet to the north, steering west, thirty-six sail, merchant-built, and escorted by a small frigate of about thirty guns." It was, in fact, a fleet of merchant ships who had left the Texel, and were making for the mouth of the Thames.

Our commodore immediately called a council of war, in which it was concluded, that, without regarding Harwich, we should endeavour to make ourselves masters of this fleet; that this would be doing the king better service than burning Harwich; that an opportunity would every day offer for doing that; but so rich a booty as this would seldom occur. These reasons, nevertheless, did not in the least influence Captain Smith; he protested against their resolutions, alledging that his majesty's orders should be obeyed, without being drawn away by any different enterprize, and that we should steer to the south to prevent being seen by this fleet.

The council of war persevered in their resolution, secretly pleased at thwarting the designs of a man whom they regarded with envy, and whose success would but give them cause to repine.

The result of the deliberations of the council was, an order to the six captains to attack this fleet. We made all possible haste, with both sails and oars, and as it approached us while we made towards it, we soon came up.

Our commodore had given orders for four of the galleys to invest, if possible, and master the merchant ships, which was an easy matter, as such vessels are for the most part defenceless; while our galley, which was Commodore, and that of Chevalier Mauviliers, should attack and become masters of the frigate, which served for convoy.

In pursuance of these dispositions, four galleys took a compass to surround the merchantmen, and cut off their entrance into the Thames, while we went directly to attack the frigate. The frigate perceiving our design, and the danger which threatened the whole, or the greatest part of the fleet, took its measures accordingly. It was an English ship, the captain of which had the character of be-

ing one of the most resolute, yet prudent commanders in the British navy; and, indeed, his conduct in this conjuncture did not give fame the lie. He ordered the merchantmen to crowd all the sail possible to get into the Thames; doubting not, for his own part, but he should be able with his little frigate to cut out work enough for six French galleys; and let what would be the result of the engagement, he was determined not to give out till he saw the ships under his convoy in safety. Pursuant to this resolution, he spread his sails, and bore down upon us, as if he intended to be the first aggressor.

Of the two galleys ordered to attack the frigate, our's alone was in a capacity to begin the engagement, as our associate had fallen back at least a league behind us; either as she did not sail so fast as we, or else her captain chose to let us have the honour of striking the first blow. Our commodore, who seemed no way disturbed at the approach of the frigate, thought our galley alone would be more than a match for the Englishman; but the sequel will shew, that he was somewhat deceived in this conjecture.

As we both mutually approached each other, we were soon within cannon-shot, and accordingly the galley discharged her broadside. The frigate, silent as death, approached us without firing a gun, but seeming steadily resolved to reserve all her terrors for more close engagement. Our commodore, nevertheless, mistook English resolution for cowardice: "What," cried he, "is the frigate weary of carrying English colours? and does she come to surrender without a blow!" The boast was premature. Still we approached each other, and now were within musquet-shot.

The galley incessantly poured in her broadside and small arms, the frigate all this while preserving

the most dreadful tranquillity that imagination can conceive. At last the Englishman seemed all at once struck with a panic, and began to fly for it. Nothing gives more spirits than a flying enemy; nothing was heard but boasting among our officers; we could at one blast sink a man of war, aye, that we could, and with ease too. If Mr. English does not strike it in two minutes, down he goes, down to the bottom! All this time the frigate was, in silence, preparing for the tragedy which was to ensue. Her flight was but pretended, and done with a view to entice us to board her in her stern; which, as being the weakest quarter, galleys generally choose to attack. Against this quarter they endeavour to drive their beak, and then generally board the enemy, after having cleared the decks with their five pieces of cannon. The commodore, in such a favourable conjuncture as he imagined this to be, ordered the galley to board, and bid the men at the helm to bury her beak, if possible, in the frigate. All the sailors and soldiers stood ready with their sabres and battle-axes to execute his commands. The frigate, who perceived our intentions, dexterously avoided our beak, which was just ready to be dashed against her stern; so that, instead of seeing the frigate sink in the dreadful encounter, as was expected, we had the mortification to behold her fairly along side of us; an interview which struck us with terror. Now it was that the English captain's courage was conspicuous; as he had foreseen what would happen, he was ready with his grappling irons, and fixed us fast by his side. His artillery began to open, charged with grape-shot; all on board the galley were as much exposed as if upon a raft; not a gun was fired that did not make horrible execution, we were near enough even to be scorched with the flame. The English masts were filled with sailors, who

threw hand-granades among us all, that scattered wounds and death wherever they fell. Our crew now no longer thought of attacking, they were even unable to make the least defence. The terror was so great, as well among the officers as common men, that they seemed incapable of resistance. Those who were neither killed nor wounded lay flat, and counterfeited death to find safety. The enemy, perceiving our fright, to add to our misfortunes, threw in forty or fifty men, who, sword in hand, hewed down all that ventured to oppose, sparing, however, the slaves who made no resistance. After they had cut away thus for some time, being constrained back by our still surviving numbers, they continued to pour infernal fire among us.

Chevalier Langeron, seeing himself reduced to this sad extremity, and a great part of his crew either killed or wounded, was the only one on board who had courage enough to wave the flag of distress, by which he called the other galleys of the squadron to his aid.

The galley which had laid astern was soon up with us, and the other four, who had almost taken possession of the merchantmen, upon seeing our signal and perceiving our distress, quitted the intended prey to come to our assistance. Thus the whole fleet of merchant ships saved themselves in the Thames. The galleys rowed with such swiftness, that in less than half an hour the whole six had encompassed the frigate. Her men were now no longer able to keep the deck, and she presented a favourable opportunity for being boarded. Twenty-five grenadiers from each galley were ordered upon this service. They met with no opposition on coming on, but scarce were they crowded upon the deck, when they once again were saluted *à l'Anglois*. The officers of the frigate were intrenched in the forecastle, and fired upon the grenadiers in-

cessantly. The rest of the crew also did what execution they were able through the gratings, and at last cleared the ship of the enemy. Another detachment was ordered to board, but with the same success; however, it was at last thought adviseable with hatchets and other proper instruments to lay open her decks, and by that means make the crew prisoners of war. This was, though with extreme difficulty, executed, and in spite of their firing, which killed several of the assailants, the frigate's crew were at last constrained to surrender. The officers were still possessed of the fore-castle, and still kept up as brisk a fire as before. They were now to be forced in like manner, which was not effected without loss. Thus were all the ship's company made prisoners except the captain. He took refuge in the cabin, where he fired upon us with the utmost obstinacy, swearing that he would spill the last drop of blood, before he would see the inside of a French prison. The rest of the English officers, who had by this time been conducted on board us, described their captain as a man perfectly fool-hardy, as one determined to blow the frigate into the air rather than strike; and painted his resolution in such striking colours, that even the conquerors trembled. Every person now expected to see the frigate blown up, while they themselves must share the danger of so terrible a neighbourhood. The way to the powder-room led through the cabin, and that the English captain was still possessed of; and were the frigate blown up, it must have been attended with the most fatal effects to the six galleys. In this extremity, it was concluded to summon the captain in the most gentle terms, and to promise him the kindest treatment upon surrendering. He only answered all this by firing as fast as he could.

At length the last remedy was to be put in execution, to take him dead or alive. For this purpose, a serjeant and twelve grenadiers got orders, with bayonets fixed, to break open his door, and kill him if he refused to surrender. The serjeant at the head of his detachment would have soon burst the door, but the captain, who expected all this, with his loaded pistol shot him through the head. The grenadiers, apprehensive of the same fate, quickly betook themselves to flight; nor was it in the power of any of the officers to prevail on them once more to renew the engagement, though seemingly so unequal. They alledged in their vindication, that as they could advance into the room but one abreast, the captain would kill them all one after the other. Again recourse was had to gentle methods, and entreaty was used, which had at last the desired success.

All this seeming resolution, this conduct, which appeared rather the effect of insensibility than prudence, was artfully assumed, only to prolong the engagement till the merchant fleet were in safety, which, when the English captain perceived from his cabin window, he then began to listen to reason; yet still, to prolong the time as much as lay in his power, he pretended another obstacle to his surrendering; he alledged it as beneath him to deliver up his sword to any but the commodore, and desired that he would come down and receive it; adding, that brave men should only be the prisoners of each other. Accordingly a truce was agreed on till his demand should be reported to the commodore, who sent word back by his second lieutenant, that a commander should never quit his post or his ship. At last the captain gave up his sword without farther parley, like a real Englishman, despising ceremony when ceremony could be no longer useful. He

was now brought before our commodore, who could not help testifying some surprise at the minute figure which had thus made such a mighty uproar.

He was hump-backed, pale-faced, and as much deformed in person as beautiful in mind. Our commodore complimented him on his bravery; adding, that his present captivity was but the fortune of war; the loss of his ship the safety of the fleet intrusted to his care, and that he should have no reason to regret his being a prisoner; since, by the treatment he should receive, his bondage would be merely nominal. "I feel no regret," replied the little captain, "my duty called me to defend my charge, though at the loss of my vessel. In what light my services may be represented to my country, I know nor care not. I might, perhaps, have had more honour among them by saving her majesty's ship by flight, and I should certainly have more profit, as I should still be continued in command; but this consolation remains, that I have served England faithfully, nor can I feel any private loss by an action which enriches the public, and serves to make my country more happy. Your kind treatment of me may not perhaps be without its reward; though I should never have the opportunity, you will find some of my countrymen who have gratitude; and that fortune which now puts me into your power, may one day put you into theirs."

The noble boldness with which he expressed himself charmed the commodore; he returned him his sword, adding, very politely, "Take, sir, a weapon no man deserves better to wear; forget that you are my prisoner; but remember I expect you for my friend." There was soon, however, some reason to repent of this indulgence, as the consequences of giving him back his sword had like to have been fatal. The captain being introduced

into the cabin of the galley, beheld there Smith the traitor, and instantly knew him. England had set a price upon this wretch's head of 1000 pounds, so that he regarded every thing that was English with the utmost detestation. These two could not long behold each other, without feeling those emotions which a contrast between the greatest virtue and vice occasions; and the little captain was all on fire to take vengeance for his country on its betrayer. "Perfidious man!" said he, drawing his sword, "since the hand of justice cannot give you the death you merit, take it from mine." And at the same time he run against him, resolved to plunge his sword into his breast; fortunately for both, the commodore was near enough to prevent the rashness of his conduct, by taking the assailant in his arms, and stopped the meditated blow, to the great regret of the captain, who vowed he had been better pleased with such an action than to have taken the six galleys. Captain Smith represented it to the commodore as highly unfit that the prisoner should be in the same galley with him, and begged to remove him to another, which the commodore refused; alledging, that as he was his prisoner, he must remain where he was, but that captain Smith had his choice of any of the other five galleys for his residence.

Beauties of the Drama.

THE DUNGEON SCENE.

[FROM ADELMORN, THE OUTLAW.]

Scene.—A dungeon. Adelmorn is discovered in chains.

Adelmorn. My fate then is decreed! the thunderbolt has fallen, so long brandished—it has fallen and crushed me!—I have no more to hope, no

more to fear!—and methinks again my soul feels resigned and tranquil. Oh! is this calm but the calm of despair? This seeming resignation of the mind, this indifference with which I look on life—is it no more than the body's stupor, foreboding, and forerunning dissolution? No—not so! Let me not wrong thee, best of all blessings, last of all comforts, my uncorrupted heart! My eye need not sink beneath my judge's; my breast need not shrink from the searcher's probe. One tear of mercy can cleanse my hand from blood, and the blessings of mourners, whose wounds I healed, shall drown the voice of my accuser. E'en thou, sad spirit! whose bleeding form I saw in every object, whose dying shriek I heard in every breeze, when thy murderer meets thee yonder, e'en thou shalt reach him the hand of pardon! Then shrink not, my soul, from the sun-beams of to-morrow: let me once more embrace my love, once more bid Heaven bless her days, who formed the only wealth of mine: then will I meet thee, death, without one fear—then bid thee, without one sigh, vain world, farewell! for ever!

Enter MAURICE, with a lamp, conducting
 INNOCEN.

Maurice. This way, lady. When thus I disobey my lord, trust me, I risque much.

Innogen. Friend, I feel it, and am most grateful.

Maurice. Your stay may not be long.

Innogen. It shall not: now farewell! my blessings follow you. [Exit Maurice.]

Adelmorn. (Starting.) Hark! hark! that voice—
 —Innogen here! My love!——

Innogen. (Falling on his neck.) My lost one! Oh, Adelmorn! to meet you thus!——

Adelmorn. To meet any how is transport.

Innogen. Oh! so great, that it turns my brain to think, ere long that transport may be lost to me for ever!

Adelmorn. Not for ever! Though parted here, we shall meet above, I doubt it no longer. Since I entered this castle, *Innogen*, hope and confidence are again become mine; for every step as I advanced recalled to me some good deed of my youth; every chamber through which I passed reminded me, that in the days of my power I had there used it to aid and bless some wretch.

Innogen. Yet of all those chambers, none receives *Adelmorn*, except this dungeon.

Adelmorn. *Innogen*! this dungeon, which echoes with the clank of my chains, whence hope seems banished, and whose gloom appears fitted to suggest no thought but of my grave—even this dungeon whispers to my soul——“Fear not, poor trembler! thou art secure of heavenly pardon.”—In this dungeon was formerly confined *Munster’s* Abbot, my uncle’s mortal foe. I pitied his grey hairs, knelt for him to *Count Roderic*, and the prisoner’s chains fell. Still do I see his reverend form—grateful tears rolling down his silver beard; still sound in my ears, sweet even to agony, his parting blessings. The old man has been long with the angels—the old man will be my advocate above.

Innogen. Oh! silence, silence! Every new word but makes me feel how much I lose in losing you!

Enter MAURICE.

Maurice. Lady, the time——

Innogen. So soon? Nay, chide not—I obey. Love, good night! With to-morrow’s dawn will I to the duke—will throw me at his feet, and——

Adelmorn. (*Sighing.*) To-morrow!

Innogen. Ha! why that mournful action? It cannot be—Oh, speak, speak!

Adelmorn. Innogen! to-morrow's sun must light me to the scaffold.

Innogen. Powers of mercy! what, without trial—without a hearing?

Adelmorn. An outlaw is allowed none—the warrant of my death has long been signed——

Innogen. And with it mine! But no, no, no! I'll to the duke—he shall hear the shriek of my despair—he shall know, that to pierce *your* heart, he must strike through my bosom! One embrace, Adelmorn, and I go!—Hold! Touch me not! I shall think that embrace your last, and, ere I receive that last, Oh! cease thou to throb my bosom! Now then, to the duke—My brain! my brain! 'tis burning! [Exit.

Adelmorn. Good Maurice, follow her. Her prayers must need prove fruitless; but gladly, ere I die, would I see the duke for one moment.—Could that suit be granted—

Maurice. Ere this he must be retired to rest; but your request shall be urged to-morrow, nor fear I a refusal.

Adelmorn. Thanks, good fellow!—You show mercy in the hour of need; Heaven, when you need it, will show it you.

Maurice. Good-night, my lord.

Adelmorn. Friend, good-night.

[Exit Maurice.

Adelmorn. (Alone) Perhaps this ring—Gratitude to his preserver—But no; he must not, cannot break his oath—Yet shall this ring be useful—it shall purchase for my beloved her father's pardon. Sweet, sweet Innogen! had it pleased heaven to grant me length of days, on thy bosom, Oh! they had passed happily! Vain regrets! the die is thrown! Fly upwards my thoughts; I'm of this

world no more ! [*A strain of music is heard, soft and melodious*]—How well seems all within me ! how calm and sweet a languor glides through my frame ! [*Music again*]—My lids grow heavy. When next I close them, they will close to open no more ! Still I grow wearier !—I sue to thee for pardon, offended spirit ! Forgive, and bless me ! —[*He sleeps.*]

POMPEY'S PILLAR.

AS the public attention has been once more directed to this valuable monument of antiquity, in consequence of recent events in Egypt, and the French army under General Menou, being, according to the last dispatches, strongly entrenched near it, the following account of a ludicrous adventure of some English captains, in 1733, by Eyles Irwin, Esq. may not prove unacceptable.

These jolly sons of Neptune had been pushing the can on board one of the ships in the harbour, until a freak entered into one their brains. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted ; and its apparent impossibility was but a spur for putting it into execution. The boat was ordered, and, with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprising heroes pushed ashore, to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's pillar. At the spot they arrived, and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labour was in vain ; and they began to despair of success, when the genius who had struck out the frolic happily suggested the means of performing it. A man was dispatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprized of what was going forward, and flocked in crowds to be witnesses of the address

and boldness of the English. The Governor of Alexandria was told that these seamen were about to pull down Pompey's Pillar: but whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered, that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey. He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking. Had the Turkish empire rose in opposition, it would not, perhaps, at that moment have deterred them. The kite was brought, and flown directly over the pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top, and in less than an hour, a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up, and drank their punch, amid the shouts of the astonished multitude.—To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain eight persons very conveniently. It is astonishing no accident befel these madcaps in a situation so elevated, that would have turned a landman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received, was the loss of one of the volutes, which came down with a thundering sound, and was carried to England by one of the captains, as a present to a lady who commissioned him for a piece of the pillar. The discovery which they made, amply compensated for this mischief, as, without their evidence, the world would not have known, at this hour, that there was originally a statue on the pillar, one foot and an ancle of which are still remaining. The statue

was probably of Pompey himself, and must have been of a gigantic size, to have appeared of a man's proportion, and at so great an height; being 92 feet from the ground.

TURKISH PUNISHMENTS.

IN Turkey, if a BUTCHER sells short weight, or stinking meat, for the first offence his meat is all given to the poor; he is tied to a post all day in the sun, a piece of stinking meat is hung close to his nose; besides, he is sentenced to pay a sum of money. For the second offence, he undergoes a severe corporal punishment, and pays a heavy fine; and for the third offence, he is put to death.

If a BAKER sells short weight, or bad bread, for the first offence his bread is given to the poor, and he is nailed to his door, sometimes by one ear, sometimes by two, for the space of twenty-four hours. For the second offence, his bread is given to the poor, and he receives two or three hundred bastinadoes on his feet, sometimes on his back; afterwards they put his head through a hole in a large board loaded with lead, and force him to walk through the principal streets, until he is almost exhausted—if he survives this, and commits a third offence, he is beheaded.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JUNE, 1801.

THE FOLLOWING ADDRESSES
TO THE
SUBSCRIBERS AND FRIENDS
TO THE
LITERARY FUND,

*Written and recited, at their Anniversary Meeting, May 7,
1801, at the Free Mason's Tavern, by the undermen-
tioned Gentlemen, possess sufficient Merit to entitle them
to a foremost Place in our Parnassian Garland.*

BY WILLIAM BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

WHILE spring, exulting, owns the genial ray,
And fostering zephyrs greet the new-born May,
While, rich in beauty, nature's gifts invite
Each sense to joy, each feeling to delight;
Say, shall not bounty's charms display their power,
Bright as the sun, refreshing as the shower,
Can her celestial influence impart
Less warmth, less rapture, to th' ingenuous heart?
Not all the views that strike our ravish'd eyes,
Wild woods, enamel'd vales, and azure skies;
Not all the vernal music of the grove,
Th' instinctive melody of artless love;
So charm the fancy, so exalt the mind,
As scenes that melt, that humanize mankind,

As the pure joy benevolence inspires,
Her conscious energies, her sacred fires ;
When o'er this favour'd spot her banners wave,
And mark the band, whose triumph is—to save.

Lo ! when by fancy wak'd to new delight,
The child of genius wings his daring flight,
Now soars sublime, and spurns the earth below,
Now sinks depress'd, o'erwhelmed by want and woe ;
What generous sympathy can sooth his care ?
What hand shall raise him, plung'd in deep despair ?
What friend his wounds can heal, his sorrows cheer,
Revive his drooping hope ?—That friend is here :
Hence flow the plenteous streams that comfort give,
Restore his long-lost peace, and bid him live.

But see (more wretched still), the bard, or sage,
Whose fortune fails, whose genius droops, in age !
His wit, his science, or his lofty lays,
Once gain'd the meed of universal praise.
Alas ! when want pursues, when life declines,
Unheard he suffers, unlamented pines.
Too proud on private bounty to depend,
He shuns the patron ; nay, he fears the friend.
How then shall worth like his assert its claim ?
Who shall redress his wrongs, yet spare his shame ?
'Tis yours to search in mis'ry's deep recess,
Unsought to cherish, and unask'd to bless ;
Chase pining want, bid shame's keen anguish cease,
And life's eventful drama end in peace.

But why this needless lay ?—With fond acclaim,
Britain now owns, and consecrates your fame ;
Where'er true taste, true science, greet their friends,
Her heav'nly sway benevolence extends.
Here then the muse her anxious toils may close,
And her fond vot'ries seek their lov'd repose.
Propp'd by her zeal, and foster'd by her praise,
Your bounty struggled thro' its infant days—
Henceforth, each fear dispell'd, each danger past,
Firm, independent, it shall reign, and last.
So the fond parent bird, with watchful eyes,
Views her young brood on flutt'ring pinions rise,

Directs their efforts with experienc'd skill,
While yet too weak to soar, or roam at will:
But when, mature in strength, aloft they spring,
With juster confidence, with firmer wing,
She bids them, on their native pow'rs rely,
And pleas'd beholds them range the boundless sky.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD, ESQ.

POETS were ever poor, the fact's allow'd,
Yet in their poverty they still are proud;
Proud in possession of an envy'd name,
And avaricious in the love of fame!
But, when a lib'ral patronage has giv'n
A life of ease—the poet's little heav'n!
Grateful returns his ardent muse has shewn,
And cast a lustre on the proudest throne.
Let France, in happier days, this truth record,
When letters made more conquests than her sword;
Colbert to Lewis gave a glorious name,
That still is murmur'd by the breath of fame!
He made his master seem, to Europe's view,
The Great Augustus, and Mæcenas too!
Made him the theme of every poet's lays,
Who paid his bounty with unbounded praise;
The Monarch's favour prone to over-rate,
They felt him gen'rous, and they made him great!
Though provinces were wasted, cities fir'd,
His splendid tyranny was yet admir'd;
France, though oppress'd, was flatter'd still to find
Her polish'd fetters dazzle half mankind:
And, while she view'd the splendour of his throne,
Forgot her chains, and smother'd ev'ry groan!
Thus poets, to his vices render'd blind,
Secur'd him from the curses of mankind,
Glorious they made the tyrants reign appear,
And wreath'd a laurel round his blood-stain'd spear.
Such powers to princely patronage belong!
And such the empire of immortal song!
Yet ostentation was the only spring,
That made a patron of a selfish king.

Your bounty, though less brilliant to the eye,
Seeks out distress, and cheeks the muse's sigh.
Like Chatterton, a gifted youth arose,
Heir to his genius, and to all his woes !
Like him, by poverty and grief oppress'd,
Peace was a stranger to his tortur'd breast ;
Old in adversity, though young in years,
His scanty meal was moisten'd with his tears !
Unknown to patronage, unknown to fame,
With fainting steps to you the wand'rer came ;
You rais'd his head, and, with parental care,
Drove from his heart the dæmon of despair !
Long may his gratitude inspire his lays,
And make you worth the subject of his praise !
But should an author, with malignant sneer,
Traduce your purpose, yet your friend appear ;
If he is poor, who thus belies your plan,
Despise his malice, yet relieve the man :
So shall your bounty in his bosom smart,
And wash in deep remorse his venom'd dart !
When howling discord, with her serpents fell,
Hopeless of mischief, seeks her native hell ;
When fair returning peace shall bless these isles,
And rose-lipp'd plenty on our harvest smiles !
The great and rich, reliev'd from public care,
Will croud to rescue genius from despair ;
And, while they praise your efforts, will bestow
Still ampler means to succour letter'd woe ;
Proud to reflect, on each revolving year,
That what they give can dry the muse's tear ;
To learning's sons a ray of joy impart,
And cheer with hope the desolated heart !

My muse, before she takes a long adieu
Of praise much lov'd !—because bestow'd by you !
Turns to the Baltic her admiring eyes,
Where Britain's flag in proudest triumph flies !—
When northern foes, with long-engender'd hate,
Thought war-worn England verging to her fate ;
Prepar'd to wound her in misfortune's hour,
With triple force they league against her pow'r !

Within their narrow strait they brooding lie,
 And dare her naval vengeance to defy.
 But England's heroes prove their hopes are vain,
 And force the boasted passage of the Dane.
 When glory calls, and Nelson leads the van,
 To bar his way's beyond the pow'r of man!
 For him to fight and conquer are the same—
 His great historian, everlasting fame!
 None can the Hero of the Nile withstand,
 Though hostile fleets, protected by the land,
 Present a barrier, that might well dismay
 Nations who cannot boast Aboukir's day;
 In vain do narrow seas our ships confine,
 Nor leave a space for half the British line;
 Whose straining eyes still keep in eager view,
 The glorious dangers of the gallant few!
 In vain on ev'ry side the ramparts pour
 Tremendous thunder from the hostile shore;
 Triumphant Nelson gives the dreadful word,
 And Denmark sinks beneath the hero's sword!
 Yet in the hour of fate the victors shew
 Respect for courage in the vanquish'd foe;
 And, while from ruin they preserve the town,
 Extended mercy brightens their renown!

(*To be continued.*)

ODE

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1801.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

I.

STILL, still must war's discordant note
 Usurp the muse's votive lay,
 Must the shrill clarion's brazen throat
 Proclaim our monarch's natal day:
 While the stern foe, with haughty brow,
 Frowns on the olive's sacred bough,
 Throws from his land the proffer'd gift of peace,
 Nor bids the raging storm of desolation cease.

II.

O Britain! not from abject fear,
 Or pale mistrust, or weaken'd pow'r,
 Springs in thy breast the vow sincere,
 Which wooes fair concord's lenient hour;
 Uncheck'd by threats of vengeful foes,
 Thy breast with warlike ardour glows;
 Thy sons, with unabated force,
 Right onward keep their daring course.
 The chief, who from Canopus' sultry shore
 The burning meed of conquest bore,
 Now thro' the Baltic's freezing surge,
 Bids his bold prowls their way resistless urge;
 And while Britannia's ensign flies,
 Aloft in Hyperborean skies,
 Denmark, astonish'd, from her threaten'd tow'rs,
 Yields up her naval boast to Albion's happier pow'rs!

III.

And, lo! where Philip's mightier son
 Bade the proud city's rising walls proclaim
 To distant times their founder's name,
 Fresh trophies by Britannia's legions won;
 When from the veteran bands of Gallia's shore,
 Their dauntless arms the blood-stain'd banner tore,
 Which, like a baleful meteor spread,
 To fields of death the infuriate warriors led;
 Yet, 'mid the deeds of endless fame,
 Shall not a tear the dying victor claim?
 No! o'er his tomb, with guardian wings
 Hovering, the eternal Pæan glory sings;
 Chaunting, with note triumphant, to the skies,
 His name thro' ages lives who for his country dies.

IV.

Enough of war; while Britain sees,
 Before Hygeia's healing hand,
 The pallid demon of disease
 Lead far away her sickly band;
 While to a nation's fervent pray'r,
 The arm Omnipotent to spare,
 Gives her ador'd, her patriot lord,
 Again to life, to health, restor'd,

To hail that day, to Britain dear,
Selected from the circling year,
Which fame shall ever mark the birth
Of regal duty and of private worth;
Strains that affection forms, that transport breathes,
The fragrant offerings join that June ambrosial
wreathes!

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH,

BY WILLIAM CASE, JUN.

Scene---The River Yare, near Norwich.

FAREWELL proud city! Thy late glittering vanes,
Thy steeping piles, thy sombre-tinted walls,
Now gradual melt in distance.—Still the shrubs,
That o'er the sides of yonder castled steep
A fringed robe of pensile verdure fling,
Smile in the cloudless blue: but ah! too soon
O'er the illusive landscape sullen mists
Dim shadowing roll. So fade the gleams of hope,
Youth's fair perspective! o'er the good man's soul
So pass the clouds of envy!

Waft, ye gales!
The breath of living freshness waft.—Thee too,
O breezy pinion'd cherub of the west!
Who on the mountain top, thine airy throne,
Hover'st unseen, thee would the muse invoke,
The whilst along Yare's sweet meandering tide
Our joyous course we steer. And lo! the sail
Its snowy bosom heaves, and high in air
The fluttering streamer to the sky expands
Its purple radiance.—Beauteous gilded bark!
O would to heaven thy poet's early days,
Noiseless like thee, like thee serene, might glide
Adown the stream of time—and pure, O Yare!
Pure as the limpid azure of thy wave!

Ne'er may misfortune (like that sable tower,
At whose deep base the noxious hemlock leaves

Play with the rippling current) lurid frown,
Casting life's sunbright prospects into shade!

What goodly scenes successive rise around!
I cannot chuse but gaze—they make the heart,
The raptur'd heart o'erflow with thrilling sense,
Beyond its custom'd throbs!

Carrow! the eye

On thy monastic ruin dwells awhile
Museful; around the crumbling, roofless walls,
(Sad remnant of its pride in *other* days!)
The sereless ivy creeps—so darkly hued,
So gloomy grand, as well methink befits
An house of prayer! Not now the vesper chaunt,
Not now the choral orison ascends
The cloister's vaulted roof—yet haply there,
In years of Papist zeal, not long foregone,
Some rigid, hoary-headed Eremite
Sought a lone cell of rest, and when the storm,
The rough, rude storm of winter roar'd without,
Hollowly mournful, his firm-centred soul,
Borrowing a tone congenial, on the blast
Arose, and in the whirlwind's gloom beheld
The presence of its God!

But quit, my Muse!

This pensive theme, nor give to solemn thought
An hour which pleasure fain would call her own.
Not few the lovely objects that demand
Thy votive strain. That sloping river bank
How mossy-green! its verge how tufted o'er
With sedge and wild-flowers! Here the mountain ash
Its waving crest uprears, profusely gem'd
With knots of coral beads; the willow there,
Amid the sparkling shallow its pale boughs
Low bending, whispers dalliance; but less bold
The aspen—she, as if aware how oft
Her silvery honours to the stream have fallen
Sad victims, trembles at the passing breath
Of every gale. From the deep firwood glade
Yon villa sudden towers in all the pride
Of elegance. Nor *that* alone the seat
Of sweet seclusion—long indeed the task

Singly to sketch each lineament that fills
A picture so original!

But hark!

From yonder reeds what rustling noise intrudes
On silence so profound?—Why leave, ye swans!
Your oozy beds, as though he fear'd some ill?
I would not harm ye—I am one who love
To see ye in the watry mirror trace
Your finely moulded limbs, then wistful eye
The sculptur'd vessel, whilst your tender brood,
Laving their dark grey plumage, vainly wish
The milkwhite hue (sole privilege of age)
They too could boast.

But lo! the day recedes,
Twilight in indistinctive haze absorbs
Eve's ruby glow, and chill the night dew falls.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF LIFE.

Written by a Friend.

NATURE's a worn-out coat—her comic vein
Bards following bards have turn'd and turn'd
again—

Can you expect it as bran new—as when
'Twas first cut out by Shakspeare and Old Ben?
They had, in aid of their superior art,
The nap of novelty on every part.
Would we a braggart paint, absurd and vain,
We can but dress up Pistol o'er again;
And change, like variations to old tunes,
His old flash'd breeches into pantaloons:
Or would we restless jealousy attack,
Kiteily's turn'd coat must fit a modern back.
Will you not therefore spare us, who, tho' loth,
Must cut our coat according to the cloth.
Full fifteen years has your responsive smile
And cheering roar repaid our author's toil.
Think what laborious pangs, what loss of rest
To furnish out an annual crop of jest—

“ If jest it can be call’d, which jest is none,”
 Till your kind hands its dubious merits own.
 But should, perchance, one year of dreary dearth
 To dullness turn our author’s wish’d-for mirth;
 Tho’ now condemn’d by your impartial laws,
 His grateful homage own your past applause.

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF LIFE,

Written by *James Cobb*, Esq. and spoken by Mr. *Munden* in the
 Character of *Primitive*.

ALL things are chang’d since I was last in town,
 And all that’s in it seems turn’d upside down,
 Farewell the flowing wig, the snuff-box, cane,
 Emblems of wisdom! ye no longer reign!
 Where’er I go, I’ve some new cause for wonder,
 And what’s still worse, each hour begets a blunder.
 ’Twas but last week as travelling to town,
 Meaning to give the post-boy half a crown,
 The inn being full, all riot, noise and pother,
 And really one shock-head’s so like another,
 I, chancing near Lord Dashaway to stand,
 Whipt my half-crown into his lordship’s hand.
 His gig he call’d for, dar’d me to deride him;
 Then whirl’d away, his servant close beside him;
 And there again, ye moderns, I reproach ye,
 Once coachy drove, the master now drives coachy.
 Courtiers and citizens, law, physic, trade,
 Now are disguis’d in general masquerade,
 The cropping system over all prevails,
 And horses, like their masters, dock their tails.
 Coats are unskirted—flaps—the waistcoats lose,
 And boots cut down, are but high quarter’d shoes,
 The very streets, this fashion too refines,
 The shopkeepers have taken down their signs.
 Nought else, indeed, comes down but these devices;
 For tho’ they lower their signs, they raise their prices.
 O tempora! O mores! men and shops,
 Horses, boots, coats, and waistcoats—all are crops.

Fashion has times and seasons alter'd quite ;
 At dinner-time they breakfast, dine at night,
 And—if they can contrive to rise so soon,
 A morning's ride, take in the afternoon.
 Our beaux and belles, November's fogs deride ;
 Enjoy cold weather by the water side ;
 And then, in spring, to town return together :
 To pass, what they call winter, in warm weather.
 To other scenes shall Primitive retire ;
 There, while I chat, around my social fire ;
 Tho' oft' o'er fashion's world shall fancy range,
 One object claims regard, that knows no change ;
 Envy must own, true to a Britain's name,
 That English Heart of Oak, remains the same.

ODE

ON OUR LATE NAVAL ATCHIEVEMENT

AT COPENHAGEN.

GENIUS of Albion, still 'tis thine
 To wield the sceptre of the main ;
 Ev'n tho' th' embattled world combine
 To wrest it, the attempt proves vain.
 Firm as an adamantine rock,
 Thy naval prowess meets the shock,
 And hurls, indignant, the recoiling blow,
 Aim'd at thy envied head, on the confounded foe.
 Thy valiant TARS no dangers dread :
 Still prompt to fly where glory calls,
 The canvass wing they proudly spread,
 That wafts along thy wooden walls :
 Nor castled streight, nor buoyless shoal,
 Their dauntless ardour can controul ;
 Nor thund'ring batt'ries, whose tremendous roar
 Ev'n shakes the solid frame of the resounding shore.
 O'er the wide surface of the globe,
 Under each pole, beneath each zone,
 To realms of ev'ry hue and robe,
 Thy maritime renown is known.

The trembling east, the humbled west,
 Have oft thy matchless might confess'd;
 And soon the *truant* north again shall melt
 To mildness, since her sons have NELSON's vengeance
 felt.

Yet still the soul of pity shrinks
 When the dread stroke ev'n justice deals;
 Upon the widow's woes she thinks
 On all the hapless orphan feels.
 Amid the triumphs of the brave
 Death's sable flag is seen to wave;
 And dire misfortune mingles her alloy,
 To damp, in many a heart, the cause of general joy!

SONNET,

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

DRY be that tear, my gentlest love,
 Be hush'd, that struggling sigh,
 Not season's day, nor fate shall prove
 More fixed—more true than I!
 Hush'd be that sigh—be dry that tear,
 Cease boding doubt—cease anxious fear.
 Ask'st thou how long my vows shall stay
 When all that's new is past?
 How long—ah, DELIA, can I say,
 How long my life will last!
 Dry be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
 At least I'll love thee till I die!
 And does that thought affect thee too,
 The thought of SYLVIO's death,
 That he, who only breathes for you,
 Must yield that faithful breath?
 Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
 Nor let us lose our heaven here!

Literary Review.

The Works of Hannah More, in Eight Volumes. Including several Pieces never before published.
Cadell and Davies. 2l. 2s.

OUR fair authoress has been long known to the public, by her numerous publications in prose and poetry. She formerly kept a boarding-school, in conjunction with her sisters, at Bristol, whence were sent out several pupils who have distinguished themselves in society. From that situation she has long withdrawn herself, and, in her retirement, has produced pieces which do honour to her talents and piety. In the eighth volume of our Miscellany will be found her portrait and biography. To that article we refer our readers, where they will find many particulars gratifying to their curiosity.

As Miss More's publications were brought forward in *different sizes*, her friends and the public naturally wished for an uniform edition of the whole, which is here accomplished. We shall apprise the reader of the contents of each volume—this, we presume, will form an acceptable article of information.

Volume 1st. contains—Poetical Pieces, Epitaphs, Ballads and Tales, Hymns and Ballads. — 2d. Sacred Dramas.—3d. Tragedies.—4th. Stories and Allegories.—5th. Stories for the Common People.—6th. Thoughts on the Manners of the Great, and an Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.—7th and 8th. Strictures on Female Education.

The first volume is enriched with several small pieces of poetry never before published. Among

these we find one, entitled *Bonnor's Ghost*, highly complimentary to the present Bishop of London. It is ingeniously imagined, and neatly executed. The Stories in the 4th and fifth volumes were published in the Cheap Repository, though they are here greatly amplified. The Tragedies, *Percy*, *Fatal Falshood*, and *Inflexible Captive*, are here introduced by a long prefatory apology, in which a reformation of the stage is inculcated with considerable ingenuity. These are the principal additions—and the entire publication forms an ample fund of entertainment and instruction. Whatever objections may be urged by some readers against Miss More's religious and political opinions, we must confess, that her talents are ingenious—her industry very great—and that her good intentions, in every subject on which she has employed her pen, deserve well of society. Few female authors have exerted themselves in a greater degree to advance the best interests of mankind.

We are sorry to observe, that *Essays for Young Ladies*, have no place in this selection, chiefly, because they were a juvenile production. We recollect reading them some years ago with great pleasure, and therefore not meeting them in this edition of the authoress' works, we felt a disappointment.

To the whole eight volumes is prefixed an introduction of considerable length, written with her usual ability and modesty. We transcribe the following paragraph, as a specimen both of the sentiment and language—

“ That I have added to the mass of general knowledge by one original idea, or to the stock of virtue by one original sentiment, I do not presume to hope. But that I have laboured assiduously to make that kind of knowledge which is most indispensable to common life, familiar to the unlearned, and acceptable to the young—that I have laboured to inculcate into both the love and practice of that virtue, of which they had before derived the principles from higher sources, I will not deny to have attempted.”

A portrait of this ingenious lady would have been a suitable embellishment to the work—but with this addition the public have not been gratified. We remember seeing a likeness of her in Lord Orford's Works—and surely the placing of it at the head of the present collection could not have been deemed a violation of modesty.

Adonia, a Desultory Story; Inscribed by Permission to her Grace the Duchess of Buccleugh. 4 vols. Parry and Black.

ADONIA is confessedly the effusions of a young mind, and, we add, with pleasure, of an amiable one too.—We are no less pleased with the chasteness of thought, than gratified by the energy of style. The various conversations are replete with spirit, and fraught with instruction. There is in the language a peculiar neatness combined with strength, and we easily discover the source from which the stream flows to be prolific. If we mistake not, the fable is taken in a great measure from a celebrated Italian author, yet rendered more subservient to virtue. In fine, this is one among the few novels which may be read with safety, and from which may be gleaned considerable improvement. There are but few seductive sentiments, and many edifying ones. Here vice is pictured in its native deformity, and virtue arrayed in the most lovely attire. We are frequently struck with the depth of reasoning, and as frequently pleased with a justness of decision. In *De Bellefonde* and *De l'Avignon* are nicely depicted the two opposite characters—the former a generous man, an upright statesman—the latter, “wading from crime to crime in the mazes of a desolating revolution, with ambition for his pilot, and power the object of his pursuit.” *Lord Arunville* and *St. Loudon* are excellent characters—and the heroine of the piece a young lady of noble accomplishments.

We were much pleased with several pieces of poetry. The verses beginning thus, may be ranked amongst the finest in our language—

“ Who is yon poor shivering maiden?
Her pallid cheeks hath sickness, or hath sorrow prey’d
on?

She seems forlorn;

See how the storm

Bends her thin form,

And with what tumultuous hand she holds her scanty
plaid on!

Ah! now 'tis torn!”

Lines on a Dying Lamb are equally endearing, and the Curate's Tale, with other effusions, entitle our young authoress to unlimited encomiums as a poetess. Indeed, her verses are elegant, and sweetly harmonious: they flow with ease, and are marked with a true poetic fire. We should recommend this young lady to cherish the *Muse* rather than *Queen Mab*, the inspirer of novels, of which we have already too many. Elegant poetry, such as flows from this lady's sympathetic pen, will ever claim our admiration, while it establishes her fame on a foundation that cannot but move down the vale of time.

The Family Budget; or, Game of Knowledge. Ridgway and Symonds. 1l. 11s. 6d.

ONE striking mark of the superiority of the present age over the last—is the attention bestowed on the improvement of the rising generation. The devices which have been laid before the public for the communication of knowledge, have been many, and are deservedly applauded. Among articles of this kind, *The Family Budget* is entitled to particular attention.

Grammar, arithmetic, mythology, vegetables, music, and history, are the subjects of the several cards by which the game is played. Each card contains a

definition, which is just and appropriate. And the manner of playing is so well adapted for the conveyance of knowledge to the young of both sexes, that it may be applied to all the other sciences with equal facility. It was, it seems, "first invented for the use of some young ladies, whose education the author was called to superintend, and she had the pleasure of finding it answer her most sanguine expectations." Indeed, it happily blends knowledge and amusement together—and therefore must be pronounced a very acceptable present to the rising generation.

This ingenious invention is patronised by W. Wyndham, Esq. and among the subscribers are the names of some of the most respectable characters in the kingdom. It is the production of an officer's widow, and we trust her talents will be amply rewarded. She intends publishing a *small volume of Poems* by subscription—we wish her every success—and hope that the productions of her muse will meet with the public sanction and approbation. To this lady we are indebted for those pieces in our poetical department signed *Anna Maria*, which, we doubt not, have gratified at various times the readers of our Miscellany.

*Tables in Arithmetic and Mensuration, selected by
R. Goodacre. Hurst. 2d.*

OF the utility of Tables of this kind, we have already spoken in a former article of our Review. We have, therefore, only to add, that these selections are here arranged on an open sheet, with neatness and accuracy. The type being small, yet clean—the purchaser (be he either tutor or pupil) has great reason to be satisfied, both with quality and quantity.

*Out at Last; or, The Fallen Minister. By Peter
Pindar, Esq. West and Hughes. 1s. 6d.*

THE eccentric muse of Peter Pindar has here touched on the *ci-devant* heaven-born minister of Britain, in strains calculated to excite our risibility.

Playful in his satire, and original in his imagery, we were entertained with the present effusion. A verse, immediately connected with us *authors*, and our female co-operators *authoresses*, we shall transcribe—

Hark! *AUTHORS* braying, round the croud,
And *AUTHORESSES* cry aloud—

“Villain! to wage a war with all the muses!”
And lo! the printer’s devils appear!
With ink thy visage they besmear,
While each in turn indignantly abuses;
And more their pris’ner to disgrace,
They empt the pelt-pot in thy face,
Roaring around thee as they caper,
“Take that, my boy—for tax on paper!”

The *pelt-pot* is an utensil amongst printers, containing a certain stale fluid for the benefit of the balls. From this specimen, it appears that *Peter* treats the *ex-minister* with no kind of ceremony.

Matilda; or, Welsh Cottage, a Poetical Tale. By the Author of Theodore; or, Gamester’s Progress—The Margate New Guide—and Parodies on Gay. Dutton. 2s.

WE have spoken favourably of this author on former occasions, and we have reason to extend our approbation to the performance before us—it is a pleasing Tale, pleasingly told!

The Friends; or, The Contrast between Virtue and Vice, a Tale, designed for the Improvement of Youth. By Elizabeth Griffin. Crosby and Lettman. 1s. 6d.

WE were much pleased with this little volume—it is marked by the unison of good sense and simplicity. The wooden cuts are neat, and gratifying to juvenile curiosity.

Evening Recreations, a Collection of Original Stories. Written by a Lady for the Amusement of her Young Friends. Third edition corrected. Crosby and Letterman. 2s.

THIS work is characterised by a pleasing variety—the lady, though she thought proper to conceal her name, yet the articles here detailed do credit both to her understanding and heart.

Pocock's Original and Universal List of Merchant Ships, corrected to May 1801. No. 1st. Also No. IInd.

Steel and Pocock's Original Monthly List of Merchant Ships belonging to all Nations, and trading to and from the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, with all the Parts of the Globe, alphabetically arranged, printed in the Form and conducted upon the Plan of Steel's List of the Royal Navy. Corrected to June 1801. To be continued Monthly. Steel, Tower-Hill; and Pocock, Gravesend.

THE title page of this work (in which Mr. Steel and Mr. Pocock are jointly concerned), sufficiently explains its nature and tendency. It will prove of the most extensive utility. Uncommon pains must have been employed to ascertain the names, masters, and destination, of so many thousand vessels—it is, therefore, deserving of the patronage of the mercantile world. In casting our eye over its contents, we were proud in contemplating our rank among the nations of the earth. May peace and commerce unite in handing down our blessings to the latest posterity!

Bardomachia; or, The Battle of the Bards. Translated from the Original Latin. Johnson. 1s.

THE battle between Mr. Gifford and Peter Pindar, in Mr. Wright's shop, Piccadilly, has afforded much laughter among the learned. It is here humourously satirised, and is ascribed, by common report, to the pen of a grave divine, who sometimes diverts himself with the foibles and follies of mankind. To him we are indebted both for the original Latin, and the present ingenious translation.

Mr. Gifford is the author of a poem, called the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*—

Him Peter spying, quickly to him ran,
And thus address'd the zigzag gentleman :

"Thou art, if from thy mien I rightly guess,
The rascal whom they call—Mæviades!"

"Mæviades I am," the bard replies,

"But not a rascal."——

"Not a rascal?" cries

Th' indignant Pindar—"ne'er was a greater,

Thou base, calumnious, everlasting prater!

But why in idle words consume our time?

Take *this* reward of thine audacious crime!"

He said—and on the trembling varlet's head

Twice his stout stick with all his force he laid.

Not great Alcides his repeated thwack,

Laid harder on the horrid hydra's back!

And sure another stroke, so fierce and fell,

Would have dispatch'd the poet's soul to hell:

Or heav'n—the red blood down his temples ran!

His cheeks, so rubicand before, grew wan!

And death, untimely death, with scythe elate,

Was ready to decide his instant fate;

When Phœbus, loth to see a poet die

In bloom of youth, resolves to quit the sky,

And save a parent for his progeny. }

I mean the product of his fertile brains,

His lawful offspring—his satyric strains.

Quick thro' the misty air Apollo steer'd,

And in gigantic Peltier's form appear'd!

Castor and Pollux wait on his command,
 And in the shape of shopmen by him stand.
 Thus three immortals (fate extremely hard!)
 Attack at once a single mortal hard!
 And first, Dan Phœbus, with a sudden stroke,
 Dash'd from his uprais'd arm the murd'rous oak,
 Then Læda's brotters with resistless pow'r,
 Tie both his hands—and push him to the door!

Who can read these lines without suffering his gravity to be discomposed? The representations are so ludicrous, and the expressions so adapted to the subject, that we smile in spite of ourselves. The combatants must, one would imagine, laugh at the merriment they have occasioned, and, for the time to come, aim at a greater decency of manners. Fighting is ungracious work to a poet, whose ears ought to be attuned to the harmony of the spheres—shrinking back from the blow of a cudgel, or the thump of a fist, with an equal degree of horror and aversion.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR JUNE, 1801.

WE have, during this month, received no intelligence of importance from any part of the world. Expectations are, however, indulged respecting certain operations which, it is supposed, will affect considerably the affairs of Europe. Conjecture is afloat—but we wait for the details of certainty.

From Egypt no farther information has been received respecting their movements, either in the English or French army. Something decisive must have been struck e'er this period. Of course, the eyes of politicians are directed to that portentous quarter of the globe; and another month will contribute to the gratification of our curiosity. A report indeed prevails, concerning our defeat there—

but its truth has been questioned. So many causes give rise to rumours, that we should be cautious in estimating the marks of their credibility.

Matters in Portugal are in a very perturbed state—the French and Spanish armies are making rapid strides towards their capital—conciliatory measures have been taken, which, we trust, will be successful. We have voted and sent out a large sum of specie to aid them in their distress—it is, indeed, intended to contribute towards their safety.

Nothing very material has occurred at home, excepting that provisions are lowering, and will, we hope, continue to fall till it be reduced to its former reasonable state.

The English and French governments have been corresponding about peace—particulars have not transpired. That such a matter has been in agitation, is generally believed—though they are not come to any final determination. It is an indisputable fact, that the blessings of peace would be acceptable to both countries. Wearied with contention and bloodshed, it would become each party to study the real interests of mankind. War is an enormous evil. Though it has raged far and wide; it will receive its extinction. It is one of those dreadful plagues by which the Almighty chastises and purifies a wicked world.

* MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST.

FOR JUNE, 1801.

JUNE 3. **G**REAT rioting near Bolton, in Lancashire, on account of the dearness of provision. Several thousands were collected on a rocky moor—the Royal Artillery were called out, and reached the moor before daylight. They soon dispersed; but twenty-two of them were conducted to Lancaster goal.

4. The anniversary of his majesty's birth-day, when he completed the 63rd year of his age, was celebrated with the usual festivity. The morning was ushered in by ringing of bells—and flags were displayed from tops of towers with peculiar gaiety. The different branches of the royal family waited on their majesties at the queen's house, to pay their congratulatory respects. The court was numerously attended by nobility and gentry of both sexes. The new carriages on the birth-day were but few; but hung not so low as formerly. Round roofs still prevail—the colours black and deep yellow, highly varnished.

6. Marquis of Donegal and Sir Harry Vane Tempest bound over to keep the peace, being both taken into custody at the moment they were about to fight a duel! It originated in a dispute respecting the election of a member for Antrim. Surely it is high time that the barbarous custom of duelling should be abolished.

8. The magistrates and council of Edinburgh resolved that a monument, in honour of the late General Abercromby, shall be placed on the wall of the High Church. This is the most respectable place of worship in the city.

9. Lord Robert Manners, a captain in the 10th regiment of light dragoons, during the review on Ashford Common, nearly killed by his horse falling under him. There is, however, a fair prospect of his recovery.

12. La Fayette appointed ambassador from France to the United States.

15. The annual sheep-shearing festival commenced at Woburn Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, who, by patronising such an institution, shews himself a real lover of his country. It lasted for *four* days; was attended by the nobility and gentry, and an immense concourse of people.

His grace concluded by giving the healths of the successful candidates, and immediately after Lord Somerville rose and gave the duke's health, which was drank with enthusiasm by the whole company.

16. Spence, for writing a book recommending the *equal* distribution of property, was sentenced to pay 20l. to the king—to be confined in Salop goal for twelve months—and give security in 500l. for his good behaviour during five years.

18. A person leaped off the center arch of Blackfriars bridge into the Thames, for the trifling wager of *five shillings*, and had the good fortune to escape unhurt!

19. His Royal Highness Duke of York laid the first stone of the New Military College and Asylum for Orphans, of those soldiers who have lost their lives in the service of their country. The seminary is erected in White Lyon-street, Pimlico—the inscription on the pedestal was thus inscribed—

“This stone was laid by FREDERIC DUKE OF YORK, Field Marshal of England, in the 41st year of his Majesty's reign.”

Two gold medals, and a number of coins of the current year, were deposited in the urn under the intended edifice. His Royal Highness the Duke of York came on horseback, after having attended at the field exercise in Hyde Park. The Rev. Dr. Gamble, the duke's chaplain, performed the ceremony. Mr. Copeland is the architect, and Mr. Mitchell the master mason. Mr. Alderman Watson, as commissary-general, deposited the coins in the earth.

22. A starling's nest, with young ones, was taken from the breast of Watson, hung in chains on Bradenham common, near Swaffham, for the murder of his wife!

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

EDWARD ROBINSON, Dudley, Worcestershire, carrier. G. Shaw, Whitcliff Factory, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer. James Meek, Newport, county of Salop, linen-draper. John Fish, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, soap-maker. Wm. Hitchen, Hatherton, Cheshire, corn-dealer. Abraham Hitchen, Walgherton, Cheshire, miller. John Allan, Birmingham, corn-dealer. Geo. Fitch, late of Turnmill-street, Clerkenwell, linen-draper. John Healey, Bishopsgate-street, London, tobacconist. John Bloore, Ludgate-street, London, tavern-keeper. Matthew Hillyard Gannett, late of Taunton, draper. G. Danson, Lancaster, merchant. W. Findley, Liverpool, merchant. J. H. Govett, Wivilscombe, Somersetshire, cloth-manufac. J. Risk, Drury-lane, leather-factor. R. Dawson, Edward-street, Portman-street, milliner. George Bartram, Clifton, Gloucestershire, grocer. Wm. Delanoy, Liverpool, linen-draper. John and J. Lilley, Staley-bridge, Lancashire, merchants. Thomas Walker, Hopton, Suffolk, baker. John Parker, jun. Great Bolton, Lancashire, iron-founder. James Collett, late of the Strand, oilman. Wm. Wallack, Oakley-street, Lambeth, Surrey, dealer. John Nightingale, Crown-street, Moorfields, perfumer. Wm. Long, Stonehouse, near Plymouth, hatter. Abraham Saunders, West Smithfield, dealer in horses. Peter Spittle, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, gun-lock-maker. W. Shone, Bristol, grocer. W. Brydon, Charing-cross, printseller. R. Armitage, New Bond-street, ironmonger. J. Lingard, Osborne-street, Whitechapel, money-scrivener. P. Richardson, Portsea, Hants, bookseller. W. Tharratt, Plymouth Dock, shop-keeper. Jos. Aris and W. Taylor, Oxford, corn-dealers. Rich. Miles, Birmingham, maltster. W. Whittingham, Bradford, Wilts, clothier. G. Carless, Birmingham, grocer. W. Ward, Birmingham, grocer. Benj. Brodhurst and J. Cookson, Walsall, Staffordshire,

coal-dealers. S. Witton, Oldswinford, Worcestershire, glass-manufac. Sir W. H. Clerke, Bart. Walmersley, Lancashire, miller. E. Sanders, Hambledon, Surry, blanket-manufac. L. Littais, Crosby-row, Walworth, merchant. J. Warren, Manchester, innkeeper. T. Yates, Stockport, Cheshire, muslin manufac. H. Whittle, Reading, Berkshire, coach-master. R. Houlding and J. Houlding, Preston, Lancashire, dealers in liquors. J. Smith, St. Martin's-lane, baker. H. Williams, St. Mary, Newington, Surry, money-scrivener. Tho. O'Neill, Albion-street, Christchurch, Surry, merchant. W. Stone, Queen-street, Cheapside, merchant. T. Wardle, Trump-street, warehouseman. Chris. Askew, Kendal, Westmoreland, merchant. S. Lumb, Rishworth, Yorkshire, cotton-manufac. H. Lewington, Andover, Southampton, innholder. P. Hodgson, Liverpool, linen-draper. W. Bland, Birmingham, grocer. Ja. Adams, King's-Arms, Kent-road, Surry, victualler. J. Jones, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-sq. coach-maker. Susan Knight, Aldersgate-st. T. Holland, Bedfordbury, woollen-draper. W. Ewins and W. James, Birmingham, composition ornament-manufac. W. Bell, Bath, coach-master. T. Lloyd, Dudley, Worcestershire, grocer.

BIRTHS.

Lady Lucy Bridgman, of a son and daughter, at Wigan.—Of sons: the Marchioness of Winchester, at Amport House; the Ladies of W. Knatchbull, Esq. Russell-place; of Sir J. Lawson, Bart. at Brough Hall; of a still born, the Marchioness of Donegal; of three, Sarah Mason, the wife of a labourer, at Cowley, near Cheltenham; of Sir G. Temple, Bart. in Gloucester-place.—Of daughters, the Marchioness of Bute; Mrs. Oldfield, at Grotto House; the Ladies of G. Smith, Esq. George-street, Mansion House; of Lieut. Col. Morden; of B. Hobhouse, Esq. M. P. at Bath; and Mrs. Cooper, of Smith-street, Chelsea.

MARRIAGES.

J. Fane, Esq. son of the Member, to Miss Loundestone, of Brightwell Place, Oxfordshire. Lieut. Col. D. L. Cameron, to Miss Kinlock. J. Hammett, Esq. M. P. to Miss Woodford, daughter of the baronet. At Stoke Newington, Captain Compton, late of the India service, aged 72, to Miss Jeffries, teacher at a boarding-school, aged 66. At Dublin, the Hon. F. N. Burton, to the Hon. Valentia Dawless. R. Pigot, Esq. brother to the baronet, to Miss Williamson, of Stafford. By the Right Rev. the Bishop of St. David's, Captain Adam Drumond, of the Royal Navy, to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Menzies. Sir R. Harland, to Miss Vernon, of Bury, daughter of the late H. Vernon, Esq. of Great Thurlow. Captain Lloyd, of the Guards, to Miss E. Bishopp, daughter of Colonel H. Bishopp. General J. White, to Miss Ann Bishopp, another daughter of Colonel H. Bishopp. Colonel Cunynghame, to Miss Mary Thurlow, youngest daughter of Lord Thurlow. The Hon. F. Cavendish, second son of Sir H. Cavendish, Bart. to Lady E. Gore, third daughter of the Earl of Arran, and sister to the Marchioness of Abercorn. Mr. J. Parkinson, of Newgate-street, to Miss Ann Rowe, daughter of William Rowe, Esq. of St. Thomas Apostle. Mr. M. Jones, of Paternoster-Row, to Miss Mecklenburgh, of Lowestoff, Suffolk.

DEATHS.

At Rome, Madame Felicite, aunt of the King of Sardinia. Suddenly at Chichester, Major-General T. Jones, aged 68. At Abergavenny, Mrs. Lewis, midwife, aged 77; she began practising at 15 years old, and attended at the birth of upwards of 6000 infants. At Warrington, Mr. S. Robinson, aged 87; he was father to nine children,

grandfather to 34; great grandfather to 122, and great great grandfather to two. R. Moss, Esq. of the Secretary of State's Office, and youngest son of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. In Gloucester-place, Brigadier General Arnold. At Thunder-ton, the Dowager Lady Dunbar. On her passage from Jamaica, Mrs. Major Cameron, niece to the Hon. H. Dundas. Sir J. Lawson, Bart. at Bo-rough Hall. Mr. Geo. Robinson, sen. bookseller, of Paternoster-row. At his house at Tottenham, H. Jackson, Esq. M. D. and F. R. S. At Boughton, Norfolk, within one month, Robert, James, and Benjamin Golding, brothers, and farmers, aged 77, 80, and 84. In her 21st year, Miss Sarah Trivett, second daughter of the Rev. William Trivett, of Lewisham, Kent. At Isling-ton, of a consumption, in her 16th year, Miss E. Hughes, youngest daughter of R. Hughes, Esq. of Sadler's Wells.

To Correspondents.

The many complimentary Letters received from correspondents respecting our Coloured Engravings, is highly gratifying to the Proprietors of the *Monthly Visitor*, and can serve only to stimulate them to further exertions in the improvement of their performance.

Lines on Spring are inadmissible. The writer may probably improve, but his present production has not sufficient merit to recommend it.

We are sorry to inform *Draytoniensis* that we cannot admit his *Remarks*, &c. for the before-mentioned reason.

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DANIEL DANCERT, ESQ.

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